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Editors
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Managing Editor
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Associate Editor MAXWELL S. STEWART

Dramatic Critic
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✶

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HUGO VAN ARX

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The Shape of Things

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE LENDING-SPENDING bill in the Senate by a 60-to-10 vote constitutes the week's best news from Washington. Despite widespread tory opposition, only seven Republicans and three Democrats voted against the bill, while four Republicans cast their ballots in favor of it. The Senate bill is substantially better than that which passed the House. An extra $175,000,000 was added to the pitifully small appropriation for the WPA; a new item of $212,000,000 was inserted for farm-parity payments; and $300,000,000 was tacked on to the appropriation for loans by the United States Housing Authority. All efforts to limit the President's discretionary power by earmarking the amounts for specific purposes were, with one minor exception, decisively defeated. The exception was an amendment introduced by Senator McAdoo setting aside $50,000,000 of the WPA money for the purchase of seafood and farm commodities for distribution to the needy. Many of the other changes, such as Senator Thomas's amendment raising the minimum wage on WPA projects from $21 to $40 a month, were a welcome improvement. While not all the Senate amendments are likely to be accepted by the conference committee, the bill which emerges is certain to be better than the House bill and to incorporate the main features of the President's original measure. If prompt action is taken to get the appropriated funds into circulation, an important step toward recovery will have been made.

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THE SOVIET UNION HAS AGREED TO BRITAIN'S proposal for the withdrawal of the "volunteers" from Spain by four general categories—army, navy, air force, and civilian. This concession has pushed the negotiations of the Non-Intervention Committee one short step ahead, but infinite difficulties still lie in its path. The Chamberlain government is desperately anxious to have the foreign troops withdrawn so that the Anglo-Italian pact may come into force, and to this end it is backing the Italian demand that the French frontier be closed. To this the French and Russians have also agreed, but their acquiescence is hedged about with so many conditions that it

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amounts to little more than a talking point. The most important condition made by the Soviet Union is that the other borders and all the seaports be as effectively patrolled—a demand that Italy is unlikely to accept even in return for promises of loans. The situation is an awkward one, with delay working to the disadvantage of the Chamberlain government and the fascists and helping the Spanish Loyalists. At the time the Anglo-Italian agreement was signed both parties to it assumed that the rebels were on the verge of victory. When it became apparent that this was not the case, Chamberlain revived the talk of mediation to end the war after the foreign troops were removed. There is no doubt that not only the Spanish but the Germans and Italians are tiring of a struggle in which success for either side seems far away. But how to bring it to an end without sacrificing both prestige and the material fruits of victory has not been discovered. Mussolini's abrupt termination of the French-Italian negotiations indicates that he is playing along with the Non-Intervention Committee only because he sees a chance of shutting off supplies to the Loyalists while he continues to pour in reinforcements for the rebels. A few weeks ago it looked as if he might achieve this. But the stiffening of the Loyalist lines has led to a corresponding strengthening of the democratic front in the London committee. Barring a sudden collapse of the rebel or Loyalist arms, the powers will probably still be jockeying for position on the volunteer question three months from now.

*

FATHER HLINKA'S DEMAND FOR SLOVAK autonomy has come, like Job's boils, as one more tribulation for the long-suffering Czechoslovakian government. Unlike the German, Polish, and Hungarian minorities, the Slovaks are not motivated by irredentist sentiment; they have no ties across the border. Nor are they united in their demands. The enthusiastic reception given to Premier Hodza, himself a Slovak, at Bratislava on the day after Hlinka's speech, suggests that the majority of the Slovaks are probably behind the government. The Slovak Clerical Party, of which Father Hlinka is the leader, is an extremist faction which has never reconciled itself to the necessity for a unified state. At the present time negotiations are under way between the Czech government and the minorities with regard to the nationalities statute. Important concessions concerning language and local autonomy are certain to be granted, but the Czech government has made it clear that it will not yield an inch on issues involving national unity. It has not given the slightest intimation of weakness toward Germany despite a revival of the campaign of vituperation in the Nazi press. Indeed, the Czechoslovak leaders are furnishing an example of moderation tempered with firmness which other democracies might well copy.

"BLOODY HARLAN" IS ON TRIAL BEFORE A jury composed mainly of hill-billy farmers on whose minds appeals to local pride and prejudice may have as strong an effect as appeals to logic—if not stronger. They are less likely, moreover, to be shocked at tales of violence, conditioned as they are to the rugged and extra-legal *mores* of that backwoods community. (Our favorite testimony so far is that of the man who was allowed by the local deputies to run an illegal wine business, which they patronized, until he committed the crime of joining the United Mine Workers.) The lawyers for the sixty-six defendants—mine officials and law-enforcement officers of Harlan County—have already introduced the appeal to local prejudice and will undoubtedly put on a show in which "outside agitators" will be cast in the role of villains, with the government, "this Administration Department of Justice," as co-villain and persecutor. The defense is putting up a brazen fight, invoking every technicality in a way that certainly does not indicate any consciousness of innocence but only a determination to fight to the last ditch. Their most ominous move so far is their contention that the Wagner Act protects only the actual employees of a corporation and does not affect "outside organizers." The presiding judge seems to be competent and fair and the testimony is overwhelming, particularly since the court has held that the transcript of the hearings before the NLRB is admissable.

*

REMINGTON RAND STOPPED AT NOTHING TO break the strike of its employees, members of an A. F. of L. union, which began in 1936. It invented the Mohawk Valley formula, a nine-point program including a "back-to-work" movement and a company union which has since become the classic formula for strike-breaking. Since then it has gone to similar extremes in its fight against the NLRB, which exposed the formula and ordered the reinstatement of 4,000 strikers in the company's various plants, charging "wholesale violations" of the Wagner Act. Some months ago James H. Rand, Jr., and his distinguished codefendant, Pearl Bergoff, who has called himself king of the strike-breakers, were acquitted of violating the Byrnes law by a federal-court decision in New Haven that cynically ignored the overwhelming evidence compiled by the Labor Board. But the Supreme Court recently refused to review the board's order—and on June 4 the Circuit Court of Appeals in New York reaffirmed it in peremptory terms—that the strikers must be reinstated. Whereupon the country was presented with the spectacle of an employer so bent on defeating the Labor Board and its former employees that it condoned "stand-up" strikes by the strike-breakers, now organized into an association which the board has labeled a company union. On June 1, 6,000 workers in four cities

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stopped work, for one hour, in protest against the Supreme Court's action, which they said would throw 4,000 of their number out of work. And the company said magnanimously that it would do everything it legally could to have the Association of Remington Rand Employees recognized as the sole bargaining agent for Rand workers!

*

THE NEW FOOD-AND-DRUG LAW PASSED BY the House is the worst in a long line of fruitless attempts to regulate a shameful area of business irresponsibility. The enthusiasm with which lifelong enemies of effective legislation are greeting the measure is easy to explain. Though presumably the product of arduous research, inquiry, and debate, the bill suffers from a fatal flaw—it cannot be enforced. Its weakness is apparent in a clause providing for an unprecedented system of judicial review, transparent in its intent and devastating in its effects. Within ninety days of the issuance of any regulation by the Secretary of Agriculture, anyone adversely affected by it—manufacturer or dealer—may seek an injunction in any federal court. If granted, the injunction applies throughout the nation. Another hearing must thereupon be held, another regulation issued, and then the violator can once more set the merry-go-round in motion by appealing for a second injunction. Even if the injunction is voided by an appellate court, the government can still be thwarted; for at that point a bloc in the industry under fire can demand repeal or amendment of the ruling. A new hearing is mandatory. As soon as the government issues a new edict or sustains the old, the grotesque procedure of injunctions and appeals can be renewed. This caricature of the democratic process can be invoked at every turn. It is not surprising that the fake medicine-men have given the bill their blessing and that no newspaper publisher has proclaimed that the inalienable right to be poisoned is in danger. We share Secretary Wallace's opposition to the bill and trust that it will be buried without honors in conference. We prefer our poison straight.

*

CURRENT ISOLATIONIST PROPAGANDA HAS been described as an effort to keep us out of the last war; the description might also be applied not unfairly to the Anti-War Congress which recently met in Washington. Although the press virtually boycotted the proceedings, the congress represented wide areas of isolationist, pacifist, and socialist thought. Its tone and emphasis broodingly reflected the failure of 1917; its decisions reinforce our fear that the road to a new war may be paved with post-mortems on the last. Adopting a six-point "united-front" program, the thousand delegates opposed increases in naval and military outlays, demanded withdrawal of ships and marines from war zones, indorsed the Ludlow amendment, assailed M-Day plans, condemned "alliance or joint action with any other nation for war," and stressed the necessity of meeting domestic crises at home. While many of these points are worth making, the program as a whole represents the familiar isolationist strategy of evading uncomfortable realities. Its premise—that we can build a stable world at home while war sweeps the rest of the globe—has frequently been challenged in these pages. What concerns us is the readiness with which persons like Norman Thomas, who understand the implications of the struggle in Spain and China, agreed to ignore these issues in drafting the congress program. We know the reason; it was that same quest for unity which has permitted Frederick J. Libby and other isolationists to hamstring previous anti-war meetings. But can progressives afford to barter the fact of fascist aggression for a resolution on social justice in general? Is the fate of Spain and China —and Czechoslovakia—crucial to world peace and democratic principles or is it not? The Washington congress is more likely to be remembered for its silence on these living issues than for its affirmation of faith in the coming of a good society.

The G. O. P. Expects—

THE Republicans expect every Democrat to do his duty in the primary campaigns. That, borrowing from our friend Quincy Howe, is the best way to describe the touching interest of the Republican press—in fact, of the entire tory press—in the current struggle betwen the New Dealers and old-line Democrats. It has been evident for some time that John D. M. Hamilton has moved his field headquarters over inside the enemy's lines, since his own are too attenuated to amount to much.

The tempest that is raging over the primaries has in it a kind of mad Wagnerian music. One detects two themes. The minor theme is concerned with the corruption of WPA politics and the sinfulness of "playing politics with human misery"; the major theme has to do with the "purge" that is being carried on in Democratic ranks by the New Deal inquisitors.

We discussed the minor theme editorially two weeks ago (Relief as the Devil). The major theme is also worth attention. All kinds of phrases are used about the "purge." General Johnson speaks of "Corcoran's benzine board for the rubbing out of resisters to personal rule." In his calmer moments he confines himself to calling it a "Cheka," and "a ruthless political immorality on about the levels of the more carnal political purges and pogroms of Europe." And other writers in the press, while lacking the General's explosive verbal artillery, do pretty

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well along the same line. What has provoked these outbursts? Mr. Roosevelt, acting anonymously through his lieutenants, is making an attempt in the primaries to get New Deal Democrats nominated in the place of Senators and Congressmen who have opposed the New Deal program and premises during the past two years.

Has the President a right to do this? We contend that it is not only his right but his duty. We said repeatedly before the 1936 election that the President's biggest mistake was helping to bring a Democratic majority back into Congress which included many who were in no essential respect different from the Republicans.

The President, under the American political system, is both head of the state and leader of his party. This is a healthy thing. It makes him root his policies in the party process, and it makes him gear his politics to the needs of the state. The great difficulty is one of language. The President must always talk as President and never as party leader. In this respect we maintain a fiction just the reverse of that supported in England, where the Prime Minister talks as party leader and not as the head of the state. Since the President is expected to maintain a decent respect for political fictions, he can do little else than profess neutrality about certain things that concern his Administration crucially. Woodrow Wilson was rash enough in 1918 to break with that fiction, and he called for the selection of Democrats who would support him. He was broken in turn.

But while the President plays the political game in preserving the fiction, he has learned also that the survival of the New Deal will depend on the composition of the next Congress. And his major advisers know that, too. Hence the struggle going on now between Farley and Garner on one side, who are Democrats without being New Dealers, and Hopkins, Ickes, Corcoran, and Jackson on the other, who are New Dealers whether they are Democrats or not. And like all party struggles, it is being fought with political weapons—indorsements, semi-indorsements, patronage, and the prestige of big names. Those who raise their hands in horror at this spectacle can have little conception of the history of the American party system.

To say that the entire campaign today is being waged as a vendetta over the defeat of the court-reorganization plan is to distort the picture. The fact is the Administration is throwing its weight against the men who have opposed its basic labor and social legislation. And when issues such as this are involved, any attempt to muzzle Ickes or Hopkins—whose political value lies in the fact that they are members of the President's inner council—is equivalent to asking the New Deal to commit political suicide. Party politics is a rough-and-ready game, but it is the essence of the democratic process. Reject it, seek to place political power on some other base, and your alternative is a moneyed plutocracy or a dictator.

The Supreme Court Revolution

HISTORIANS will describe the Supreme Court term which has just ended as crucial in the history of both court and country. With the quickening pace and tension of social change, "periods" in the court's history are now shorter than they have ever been. In the six years since 1932 we have witnessed the following periods: the tendency to construe governmental power broadly in the midst of depression, the sharp swing against the New Deal, the reorganization battle, and the present liberal trend.

This is no place for a detailed discussion of the past term's achievements. Briefly they fall under four heads. The first and most important, despite the efforts of the tory press to play down their significance, are the labor decisions. From its sensational reversal of itself in the Washington Minimum Wage case over a year ago up to the most recent order in the Republic Steel case, the court has given judicial sanction to a new legal framework in which labor can carry on. The decisions have completely upheld the NLRB, cut the ground from under the attack on the board's personnel and methods, and placed the designers of the Girdler-Ford resistance to the Wagner Act in a humiliating position. The second important series of cases was the tax decisions. While less sharp than the labor decisions both in their formulation and their consequences, these showed the court moving toward a firmer assertion of the federal taxing power and toward a whittling away of unsocial tax immunities. Thirdly, the court upheld the New Deal on a scattering of fronts—in allowing PWA loans for the construction of municipal power plants; in upholding, in the Electric Bond and Share case, the registration of public-utility holding companies with the SEC; in affirming the municipal bankruptcy act; in fighting off attacks on government monetary policy in three new gold-clause cases; and in strengthening the anti-trust drive, the Federal Power Commission, and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. Finally, in a series of rate-valuation cases, the court, while still in considerable confusion, has shown a movement toward the liberal doctrine of prudent-investment cost.

Much of this has been given in newspaper and Sunday-section summaries, which do not weary of relating to their readers their discovery of the new Supreme Court liberalism. Other aspects of the past term of the court have also received publicity—the dispute over Justice Black's competence, for example, and the tilt between Secretary Wallace and Chief Justice Hughes over the powers of administrative boards.

What has been less noticed is the meaning of the

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doctrinal struggle now going on within the court's own ranks. A "new left" has emerged in the decisions of Justice Black, reaching farther in its implications even than the "new left" of Justice Brandeis in 1916. Justices Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, and Reed represent a social liberalism sharply defined against the reactionary background of the court's tradition or the grudging "liberalism" of Justices Hughes and Roberts, but primarily they have aimed at a decent amount of judicial restraint and self-limitation. This is an excellent principle when contrasted with the history of the court's previous thirst for power. So, also, is the present majority's courage in overruling past decisions, which was revealed most dramatically in *Tompkins* v. *Erie Railroad Company*, where the court declared it had been wrong for nearly a century on the question of recognizing the construction of general law by state courts.

But the weakness of this attitude is that it is negative and belated. It lacks the clear-cut and affirmative outlines of a fighting faith which can keep pace with changes in governmental power. Such a faith has emerged in Justice Black's opinions. The real doctrinal struggle within the court is no longer one between a "broad" and a "strict" construction of federal power. The Supreme Court revolution has, at least for the present, decided that struggle in favor of the broad construction. What we have now is a struggle between a negative and an affirmative attitude toward the process of governmental activity, between two views as to the pace of social change. This struggle is best illustrated in Justice Black's dissent from the *per curiam* opinion in the Indianapolis Water Company case, in which he sought to get for once a sharp definition of the court's attitude on rate valuation in public-utility cases in place of its traditional floundering in a bog of metaphysics. It is illustrated also by the contrast between Justice Stone's opinion and Justice Black's dissent in the New York Port Authority tax case, in which Stone sought to narrow the base of the court's opinion as far as was consistent with his liberalism, while Black called boldly for a declaration that the Sixteenth Amendment meant what it said.

It is here that the real meaning of Justice's Black's much-discussed dissents lies. Leafing through the court records for the term, one is impressed by the courage, integrity, and consistency of his position. He has proved himself potentially the most significant figure for the future of the court. His position corresponds, in terms of constitutional doctrine, to the emergence of a militant left-democratic and labor movement and its bid for continued national power.

But another revolutionary cycle in the court's history is beginning. What we have at present is a breathing-spell in constitutional politics. Constitutional crises are not made by judges alone. They emerge out of a battle fought on two fronts—a doctrinal clash within the court and a political and economic struggle outside it, to which the court responds. The past Supreme Court term testifies that the New Deal has won the court war up to now, although it lost the reorganization fight. But the next phase of the constitutional struggle will be over the question of the government's power to enter upon the decisive program of economic planning which is necessary to meet the problems of collapse. And the progressive group on the court will be the group that considers the court's function to lie in administering justice to individuals within the framework of what the President and Congress decide rather than in setting limits, however enlightened, to their power.

An Unsavory Alliance

THE renewed bombing of open Chinese cities following the establishment of a Cabinet in Tokyo dominated by extremists calls for a reexamination of the undeniable facts of American aid to the Japanese war machine. The extent of American economic participation has hitherto been generally underestimated. A recent careful study of the Japanese economy, the most exhaustive yet attempted, shows that in recent months the United States has supplied no less than 54.5 per cent of the war materials essential to the Japanese invasion of China. Only in very small part have these consisted of actual munitions of the type covered by the Neutrality Act. The one exception is in the field of aircraft. The United States contributed $1,000,000 worth of planes and parts to Japan in April alone.

Far more important, however, from the standpoint of Japanese military efficiency are the huge shipments of American scrap iron, oil, copper, and machinery. Before the war Japan's imports from the United States consisted primarily of raw materials for its textile industry—cotton and wood pulp. In the past year these commodities have practically dropped out of the picture as Japan has concentrated on primary military necessities. April saw 40 per cent of our petroleum exports and 40 per cent of our copper exports go to Japan. Many of the American airplanes used in bombing Chinese cities can only be flown with American high-grade gasoline. Scarcely a week passes without the shipment of three or four cargoes of scrap iron and steel from New York alone. The development of Japanese heavy industry for war purposes has also brought a tremendous increase in the purchases of iron and steel products. In 1937 Japanese steel imports from this country rose to nearly a million tons, an eighteen-fold increase over the previous year. Machine exports, which are the foundation of Japan's future strength, have likewise skyrocketed. Last year contracts were signed for the sale of three complete continu-

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ous sheet-and-strip mills, the most efficient equipment of its kind to be found in the world.

The most effective weapon for destroying America's partnership with Japan in the rape of China is the consumers' boycott. Japan cannot buy if it cannot sell, and the United States still absorbs some 25 per cent of Japanese exports. The boycott is unquestionably growing in scope and effectiveness. Reports from New England, the South, and the Middle West testify to its increasing popularity. It is in large measure responsible for the 45 per cent decline in imports from Japan in the first four months of this year as compared with the corresponding period of a year ago. Silk, the most crucial of these imports, dropped 31 per cent in quantity and 40 per cent in value in the first quarter of the year.

The refusal of longshoremen and sailors to load or carry war supplies to Japan offers another promising method of stopping American aid. If carried out by the United States alone, the effect would be unimportant, since Japan could shift most of its orders elsewhere. But the longshoremen of England, France, the Scandinavian countries, and Australia have already indicated their willingness to participate in united labor sanctions. There are strong intimations that some of the American unions are already prepared to tie up shipments of war materials if they can be assured of general support, and the resolution adopted by the executive committee of the Federal Council of Churches last week indicates that this support will be forthcoming. But it is important that neither longshoremen nor hosiery workers should be asked to bear the brunt of the responsibility. The rank and file of the people who hate war must share the burden to the extent of providing a peace chest for persons thrown out of work by either form of boycott. If this is done adequately and efficiently, there is no reason to fear that labor will not do its part. The price is a trivial one if it severs this country's unhappy alliance with the warmakers.

Democracy at Harvard

THE Walsh-Sweezy case at Harvard, now more than a year old, continues to be volcanic. The committee of full professors appointed by President Conant to inquire into the case has just issued its report. It is an impressive piece of work—exhaustive, closely reasoned, geared to unshakable facts, tempered in its judgments and conclusions, cutting deep into the basic issues of tenure and teaching at American universities. The committee worked for a year, meeting weekly, sifting evidence scrupulously. Some will feel that its report leans backward to be fair to the administration on the issue of academic freedom, but that is only a sign of the committee's anxiety to steer free of anything conjectural. It places the blame for the whole incident on an over-rigid ruling by the president, confused administrative procedure, and mechanical criteria in the selection of a teaching staff. It recommends that the injustice accorded Walsh and Sweezy be at least partially remedied by their reinstatement.

In the face of this, President Conant's rejection of all the committee's conclusions except that on academic freedom and his curt refusal to reinstate the men are breathtaking. He takes the reasoned conclusions of men like Professors Ralph Barton Perry, Felix Frankfurter, W. S. Ferguson, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Kenneth B. Murdock, Harlow Shapley, and treats them with a whimsical impatience that would scarcely be accorded to a letter to the editor in an undergraduate newspaper.

To follow the committee's recommendation, he says, "would be both unwise and impractical." Just that. And why? Because it would "reverse the president's basic policy." But it is exactly that "basic policy" and its applications that were the object of the committee's investigation and report.

Why would reinstatement be "unwise"? The president had himself, in appointing the committee, admitted "the existence of substantial doubt within the university as to the justice or wisdom of the university's action." Has the situation changed? And why "impractical"? Is it too late? Last year, in writing to the Board of Overseers about the committee of inquiry, the president said, "Since the appointments of Dr. Walsh and Dr. Sweezy run for two years, there is ample time for me to reopen their cases if the committee's report warrants it." Yet now he offers not a word to refute the committee's conclusions. His only comment is to take pride in the fact that the report regards Walsh and Sweezy as "men of real ability whose services were highly valued in this university—facts which have never been questioned by the department, the dean, or me." May we remind Mr. Conant that in his news release on April 6, 1937, he rested the decisions against both men "solely on grounds of teaching capacity and scholarly ability"?

As far as Walsh and Sweezy are concerned, all of Mr. Conant's belated praise will not wipe out the fact that a pair of promising young economists, alone in their leftward tendency on the economics faculty, have had their academic careers finally and emphatically blasted. As far as Harvard is concerned, the last word has not been spoken. Associate Professors Mathiessen and Prall, who headed the original petition for an inquiry, have just stated that the administration has fallen "far short" of "any conception of democratic justice or wise educational policy." The committee itself has another report to submit, on the wider problem of tenure and teaching at Harvard. It is up to them and to the faculty to make it clear that democracy is not merely an ornamental word for Commencement addresses.

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Jersey—a Storm Signal

ON ANOTHER page of this issue the story of Frank Hague is told in terms that reveal the weakness as well as the menace of his personal power. It must not be imagined, however, that because Hague is under fire and may be driven to back down from an untenable position, the battle for civil rights has been all but won in Jersey. Hague represents more than himself, as events of the past week-end prove; he represents a dangerously contagious attitude toward law.

Consider the following facts: Hague successfully checkmated Congressman O'Connell's second attempt to speak in Jersey City. A monster "patriotic," "anti-Communist" demonstration was held in Jersey City to demonstrate the people's support of Hague, under pressure of whose machine the WPA workers and the political employees of city and county, and, at the urging of their employers, workers in private establishments joined the ranks of the patriotic marchers—this in a city where those same workers pay more for corrupt machine government than anywhere else in America.

The Hague machine deliberately created a mob to provide an excuse to prevent the O'Connell meeting. On Saturday the same tactics were successfully applied by the same politicians in Newark. In that city, which has heretofore had a pretty good record for free speech, Norman Thomas tried to address a Socialist meeting for which a permit had been duly granted. The meeting was broken up before it started—by mob violence. Competent policing could easily have protected the speakers. Instead, either deliberately or through amazing inefficiency, the police assisted the mob to break up the meeting. The mob itself was not very large. It was composed almost entirely of hoodlums, most of them carrying flags and armed with eggs, tomatoes, electric-light bulbs, and other missiles. They acted like men who would break up any meeting for a dime or a drink. There were a few vociferous veterans on hand; apparently some veterans' organizations had sponsored the affair and hired the band. The signs came from Jersey City. Most of the politicians really responsible kept out of sight. The immediate effect of the affair was the announcement of the Commissioner of Parks—a Hague man—that henceforth he would not issue permits for such meetings for fear of violence.

The picture is not yet complete. These North Jersey mobs have had the direct or indirect blessing not only of politicians but of A. F. of L. leaders and a large section of the Roman Catholic church. The A. F. of L. leaders presumably are acting primarily out of hatred for the C. I. O. Most of them, however, like other Jersey citizens, have had occasion to feel the force of Hague's displeasure when they offended him and the benefits of his favor when they were "good."

The role of the Catholic church is even more sinister. Hagueism has been vigorously denounced in certain Catholic papers, notably the *Catholic Worker*. Nevertheless the Boss enjoys the favor of the church. A few weeks ago in Newark a dinner was given in honor of a certain Father Toohey. At this dinner, which was attended by the Governor and other prominent politicians, John A. Matthews, described as Advisory Master in Chancery, Papal Chamberlain, and Knight of Malta, declared: "If you, Thomas, and your ilk, come into New Jersey to de-Christianize Christianity, the great Catholic mass will ride you out, whether by ferry, subway, or other means."

And while all this goes on, where are the courts? Where are the other agencies of government? Let the facts speak for themselves. The C. I. O. began action in the federal court last December. The first case is only now before Judge Clark. If he grants the injunction requested by the C. I. O., it will be appealed to an exceedingly conservative circuit bench, and the questions involved will probably have to go to the Supreme Court. Mr. Thomas, desiring to leave no stone unturned, applied to the Chief Justice of New Jersey, commonly understood to be Hague's man, for a writ of mandamus to permit him to speak in Jersey City. He has just been informed that the hearing will be held next October. Whatever inquiry the Federal Bureau of Investigation has made, its representatives have never interviewed any of the people primarily affected by recent events in Jersey City. And the federal district attorney has been somewhat less than lukewarm in pushing the formal complaints that have been made. The President of the United States still stands on his declaration that the whole matter is a local police issue. The La Follette committee has not yet acted.

We do not intend to labor the obvious moral of this tale except to say that if public sentiment cannot stop mob violence in New Jersey, the United States is well started on the road to its own brand of fascism. The President of the United States, the president of the American Federation of Labor, the commander of the American Legion, the responsible heads of the Catholic church—all these have a direct obligation to intervene, but in the end the responsibility for action falls upon the good people of New Jersey. There is some hope in this connection in the reaction of important Newark groups to the Thomas affair. A citizens' committee, which includes professional and even some business leaders, has already been formed to protest to the City Commission, and the ultra-conservative Essex County Bar Association promptly adopted a resolution condemning the failure of the authorities to assure the right of free speech.

[*Owing to unavoidable circumstances Paul Y. Anderson's article failed to reach us in time for this issue. His dispatch will appear next week as usual.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Why Hague Will Quit

BY ALLEN BRYAN

Jersey City, May 31

THE theater of war in Jersey City shifted last week from Journal Square to Pershing Field, but for all of Washington's threat of a Department of Justice investigation, that is about the only change in the situation. To liberals the seizure of Representative Jerry O'Connell, Montana Democrat, his detention by the police in an arc-lighted room usually reserved for criminals, and his "deportation" to Newark seemed to provide ample ground for a federal probe of the suppression of civil rights on the west bank of the Hudson. But it is an open secret among Hague men that the G-man inquiry is nothing more than a deft move on the part of President Roosevelt—stung to action by mounting criticism from the right as well as the left—to whitewash not only the Hague administration but also the national Democratic organization, of which Hague is still an important part. Shortly after Attorney General Homer S. Cummings announced a "thorough investigation" of the Jersey City situation, Hague was reported to be in conference in New York with at least two other members of the Democratic National Committee. It is understood he received assurances that the "non-intervention" policy of the President, who needs New Jersey's Congressional votes, is still in force, despite the Cummings announcement.

While his enemies rejoiced at headlines that seemed to spell his defeat, Hague hastened back to Jersey. He entered his mahogany-paneled office at the City Hall just as Commissioner Daniel Casey, director of the Department of Public Safety, was about to sign a one-page letter, again denying Norman Thomas a permit for an open-air speech. Hague read the letter, crumpled it up, and tossed it into a wastebasket. When the letter appeared later in the press, it had been stretched to four pages full of the usual Hague bombast. The incident is not the only one cited by Hague's henchmen to prove that the Justice Department's investigation is a whitewash. They recall that when reporters asked Roosevelt what he intended to do about his New Jersey vice-chairman, he told them to "see Jim Farley." Farley sees eye to eye with Hague in matters political. When the Jersey dictator was avoiding the rigors of a recent election probe, it was Farley who golfed with him on Miami's sunny links. Finally, John J. Quinn, United States district attorney in Newark, who usually conducts the government's investigations in New Jersey, is Hague's political leader in Monmouth County. He handled the recent mail-tampering charges brought by the American Civil Liberties Union against Hague, charges on which the federal grand jury failed to return an indictment. It was Hague who went to Hyde Park in September, 1935, to get the job of United States district attorney for Quinn—one of the few large plums handed to Hague by the New Deal.

But for Hague's own followers, too, there is disappointment in store. When the present tumult dies, Hague intends to retire from the mayoralty, a position he has held since 1917. Political observers say he will remain as state boss. His current red scare may have caused him to postpone his retirement, but it is believed that he will be out of the City Hall within a year, although his present term does not expire until 1941. He fears that his expensive, top-heavy political machine may eventually crash over his head. Municipal bankruptcy haunts him. Jersey City, according to Hague's own figure, has a gross bonded debt of nearly $75,000,000 and a net bonded debt of more than $58,000,000. The Census Bureau of the Department of Commerce has a somewhat higher version. According to its figures the net bonded debt is $93,317,513. By way of comparison, Cincinnati, which is larger than Jersey City by more than 100,000 population, has a net bonded debt of $35,334,617, and the comparable figure for Indianapolis, slightly larger than Hague's metropolis, is as low as $9,258,320. Although the revenue in 1937 was $31,000,000, it cost $38,000,000 to run the city, a per capita cost of $110. This year's appropriation of $42,000,000 will increase the bonded debt considerably.

With a fake red cry and a campaign against the C. I. O., Hague tried to entice industry to his open-shop haven and failed. Ready to get out whenever the place becomes too hot, Hague doesn't want to be in the mayoralty chair when the crash occurs. He is more than sixty-two years old and buckling under the strain. That he still hopes to forestall an end to his organization is evidenced by the frantic lucubrations over the city's books of his financial expert, Comptroller Raymond Greer. One wag remarked recently that the only red in Jersey City was in the municipal ledgers.

The heir-apparent to Jersey City's shaky throne is Hague's nephew, Frank Hague Eggers, who recently resigned a judgeship to take the position of private secretary to the Mayor, a job of less remuneration but far greater prospects. It is not to be assumed that Eggers's role will be that of a scapegoat. Hague believes that if the crash cannot be prevented, it can at least be minimized by the only man he can trust. Eggers has a repu-

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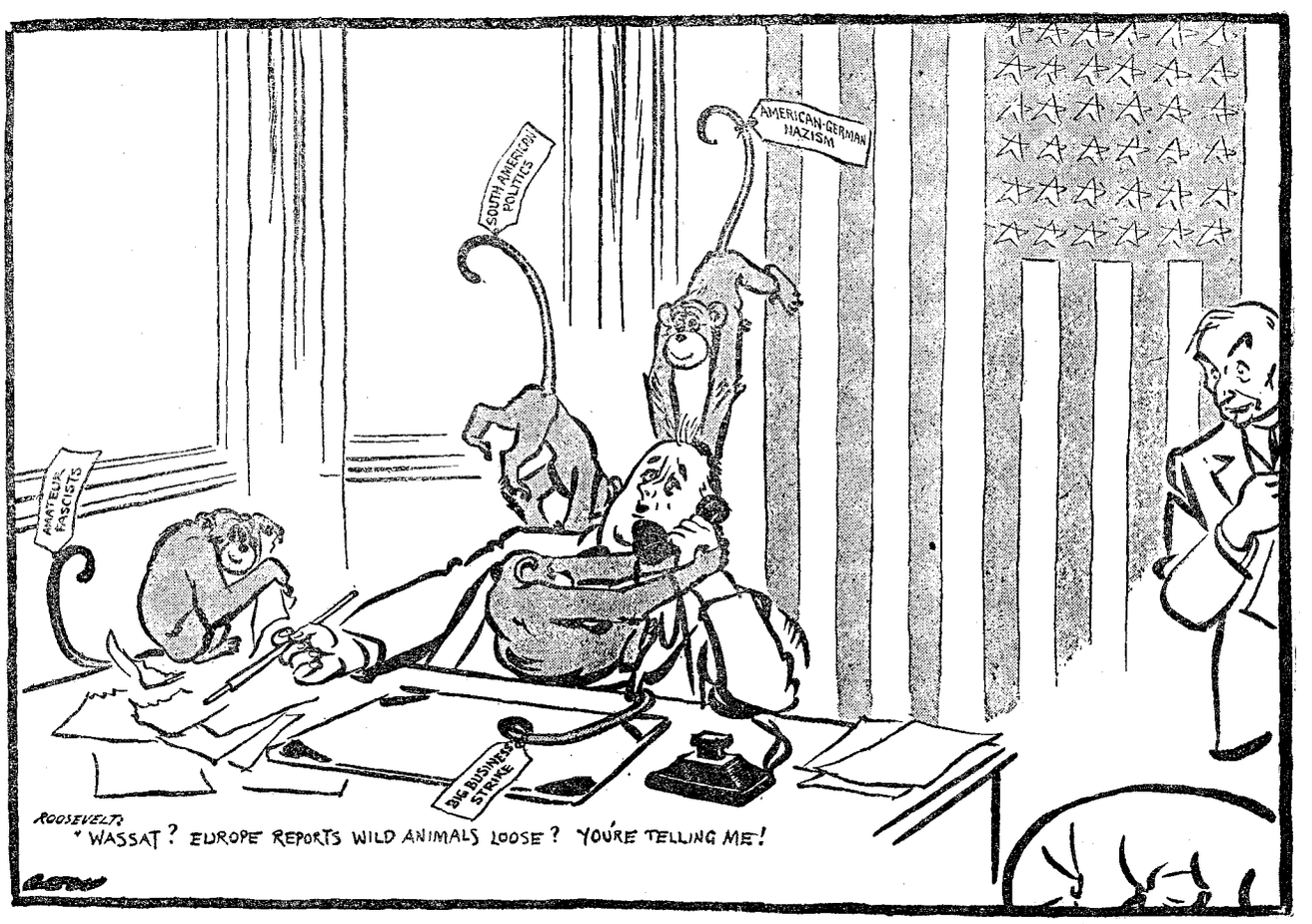
tation for honesty and would be, Hague believes, "beyond reproach." Hague is realistic enough to know that any other Democratic leader might knife him. Already there is a growing undercurrent of hatred against Hague within his organization. More than one ward leader has had ambitions which Hague squelched. There is Freeholder John Kenny, for example, head of the powerful Second Ward organization. Kenny once sought the post of police commissioner, but Hague, fearing he would acquire too much power, turned him down. While the Mayor was on his last trip to Florida, a revolt that developed into fisticuffs broke out among Hague leaders at the City Hall, and Eggers had to send an SOS to his uncle telling him to hurry back to subdue it.

Revolt also seethes beneath the surface of Hague's labor organizations, the powerful Central Labor Union and the Hudson County Building Trades Council, affiliates of the A. F. of L., which have indorsed the Mayor's fight against the C. I. O. and "radical elements." Several months ago a leader in one of these organizations supplied the *Daily Worker* with information for a series of articles attacking Jersey City's dictator. Another union leader, who served on a committee organized in behalf of striking seamen a year ago, listened with a bitter smile as a speaker at a recent Hague rally denounced those same strikers and their "red supporters." And despite their indorsement of Hague, neither the leadership nor the rank and file of the A. F. of L. will easily forget how Hague smashed several of their unions by throwing them into receivership, how Hague's police broke up A. F. of L. picket lines, how Hague double-crossed the A. F. of L. by secretly promising he would back the liberal anti-injunction bill and later publicly attacking it in a letter written on stationery of the Democratic National Committee. Only fear keeps the A. F. of L. unions in line, as it keeps the ward leaders in line. Open revolt will surely break out if Hague, in relinquishing the mayoralty, does not remain behind the scenes to pull the strings. Eggers possesses neither the experience nor the personality to hold the organization together. A likable sort of man, he lacks the power that seems to flow from Hague. Hague can command awe. He can instil fear.

But if fear rules Hague's organization, it likewise rules Hague. His most harrowing fear is of death. On one of his European tours he was accompanied by an expensive specialist whose job was to see that the sensitive Hague throat did not develop a serious ailment. On another occasion one of his personal physicians received a frantic telephone call from the Hague summer residence in Deal. The conversation led the doctor to believe that Hague was dying. Dressing hurriedly and jumping into his automobile, the doctor traversed the sixty miles between Jersey City and Deal at breakneck speed. At the mansion he found the atmosphere tense and hushed.



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Entering Hague's room, he discovered the Mayor lying on a couch in an agony of terror. He asked him what was the matter. Incoherent with dread, Hague pointed a trembling finger at one of his feet. The doctor examined it—and found a blister!

Next to death Hague fears ridicule. One day a petty jobholder at the Hudson County courthouse decided to entertain fellow-employees by giving an imitation of Mayor Hague delivering a speech. His mimicry was excellent. The bystanders laughed heartily. But as soon as the man returned to his office he was told to answer a phone call from the City Hall. A few days later he was transferred to what Hague cohorts call "Devil's Island," a county institution in the town of Secaucus. No grammarian, Hague goes into a fury when his advisers dare to question the English he uses in his speeches.

Hague fears weakness, physical and moral. He does his "daily dozen" religiously. He never smokes or drinks. He never overeats. He admires men with big muscles, appoints them to top positions in his police department. He loves prize fights. He likes to impress people as a "big shot." The word "I" is a popular one in his vocabulary. When he addresses his constituents he studs almost every paragraph with "I, as your mayor." Once he said in a public speech, "I was a poor boy once—today I'm the First Man of Jersey City." When he dines at a swanky New York hotel he ostentatiously peels off five-dollar bills from a large roll, and in tones audible to those at nearby tables says to the four or five waiters who have attended him, "That's for you, and that's for you, and that's for you, and that's for you." Told by a detective that a certain woman was "knocking" him, Hague sighed and replied, "It's all right, my boy. When you get as big as me, you've got to expect those things." Emerging victorious from the Case probe ten years ago, he declared: "One thing I possess in this world is fearlessness. Your mayor showed them babies!"

Hague is a desperate man. He has summoned to his aid every resource in his fight against the C. I. O. Ultimately his stand on civil rights may be defeated, but because he controls a portion of the New Jersey judiciary, it may be one or two years before the issue receives fair consideration. Delay, that is all he wants. He will be quite content if he can retire from office with his tattered banner flying. In the interim, with the support of the fear-ridden A. F. of L., a police department handy with the nightstick, and the horse-trading policy prevailing in Washington, Hague rides the crest.

Medicine's Misalliance

BY JAMES RORTY

AMERICAN medicine has two faces—a political face and a professional face, both, of course, belonging to a common economic body. On April 4, at the annual convocation of the American College of Physicians and Surgeons, the professional face confronted the political face and said: "The behavior of the American Medical Association is political. It is partisan behavior. It champions a cause. At the present time the cause is something close to standpatism. . . ." The speaker was Professor James H. Means of the Harvard Medical School, retiring president of the college.

The New York *Times* gave the story the headline, "Nation's Doctors Called to Revolt," quoted Dr. Means at length, and curiously enough appended the reply, not of the president of the American Medical Association, but of an A. M. A. employee named Fishbein who was never once mentioned in Dr. Means's address. The *Times* apparently took it for granted that the other face Dr. Means was talking to was the face of Dr. Fishbein. So, in all probability, did everybody else present. Later in his address Dr. Means identified "political bigotry" as the chief danger of our time and quoted Voltaire—*"Ecrasez l'infame!"*—again without any personal reference.

Was this the opening gun of a revolution in American medicine, as the *Times* intimated? Dr. Means in a subsequent statement deprecated this idea, and in the writer's opinion he was right, even though the new president of the college, Dr. William J. Kerr of San Francisco, joined Dr. Means in publicly demanding democracy within the A. M. A. and a forthright, scientific discussion in its press of the social and economic problems facing the profession.

Though the medico-economic pot has been simmering more or less briskly for the past twenty years, the majority of American doctors are still unprepared to face any such fundamental transformation of their relationship to society as would be involved in either "state medicine" or a system of compulsory health insurance. Most American physicians, being in private practice on a fee-for-service basis, are both business men and professional men. More unfortunately, their covering organization, the American Medical Association, is both a professional association and a business, a publishing and advertising business primarily—the *Journal* of the A. M. A. grosses annually nearly $800,000 from its advertising contracts. That is the economic body to which

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the two faces of American medicine are attached. That is the reason why the majority of American doctors are unlikely to accept any form of "socialized medicine" willingly; although they may be dragged into compulsory health insurance, state by state, within the next five years by the pressure of lay demand, especially the demand of organized labor.

A mere list of the outstanding developments on the medico-economic front during the past year will be sufficient to show the extent of the need, the growing strength of the lay demand for changes in the organization of medical care, the growing revolt of the medical progressives—especially the teaching and research groups—against the dictatorial methods of Dr. Fishbein, and, finally, the power and intransigence of the dominant group in the A. M. A. The list is, of course, not all-inclusive—a medico-political fight of one sort or another is currently in progress in almost every state in the union—but it will serve to indicate the trend.

As far as the doctors are concerned, unquestionably what started the ball rolling was the publication a year ago of "American Medicine," the two-volume report of the American Foundation in which the élite of the profession, almost for the first time in history, washed its dirty linen publicly. Out of the conferences of the progressive physicians who sponsored the study grew the now famous Committee of 430 and its "principles and proposals," which in a modified and unauthorized version were presented and defeated at the June, 1937, convention of the American Medical Association. From the point of view of Dr. Fishbein the activity of the progressive group represented a breach of discipline. It was a break in the dyke which he and his followers had built up against any relaxation of the "ten commandments" adopted by the A. M. A. in 1933. Since that document in effect forbade practically any change in the organization of medical care, Dr. Fishbein printed an editorial in the October 16, 1937, issue of the *Journal* demanding "prompt disclaimers" from the signers of the "principles and proposals."

Possibly to the dismay of the brilliant physician-editor-advertising executive who has so long ruled the destinies of the A. M. A., this editorial aroused a hornets' nest. Within two weeks the committee published the "principles and proposals" and its list of distinguished signers, including Surgeon General Thomas Parran, Jr., on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers. Free speech and freedom of discussion in the official medical press became the issue within the profession. On that issue the organized Committee of 430 had become, by the time Professor Means made his speech, the Committee of 770. The free-speech issue, together with "the principles and proposals," will be fought out furiously at the next A. M. A. convention to be held this month in San Francisco, with results that no one can predict. But that there will be an open split in the American Medical Association, followed by the creation of a rival organization, is highly improbable since neither side wants it to go that far.

None the less, the struggle within the profession is today intense. Attack has been followed by counter-attack on a dozen medico-political fronts throughout the country. In California a Medical Society committee emasculated a report of Professor Paul H. Dodd on California's health deficiencies which pointed clearly to the need of radically changing the organization of medical care in that state. Professor Dodd fought back, obtained both lay and medical backing, and hopes soon to publish his report in full. In Oklahoma Dr. Michael Shadid, director of the Farmers' Union Cooperative Hospital of Elk City, has apparently clinched his victory over the state medical society. In St. Louis the attack of the A. M. A. on "contract practice" as represented by the Missouri Pacific Hospital Association, owned and operated by the employees of the Missouri Pacific, received a definitive setback on April 19 when Attorney General Roy McKittrick ruled that it would be against the public interest to deprive the association of its charter, as the St. Louis Medical Association had demanded. After this decision the recently formed Wage Earners' Health Association of St. Louis also breathed easier. Although staffed by physicians of excellent repute, this association, which provides medical service to 300 families at from $2 to $5 per month, had been charged in the local medical press with lack of competence and ethics.

In Washington, D. C., the Group Health Association, a medical cooperative composed of HOLC employees and empowered by its terms of incorporation to serve other categories of government employees, found itself furiously attacked before it was well under way. Representatives from the national headquarters of the A. M. A. poured into Washington. The District Medical Society brought pressure both on individual doctors who had joined or contemplated joining the Group Health Association's staff and on the directors of local hospitals. As a result, the struggling medical co-op had infinite difficulty in hospitalizing its member cases; one patient, according to officials of the Group Health Association, had just received a morphine injection preparatory to an operation for appendicitis when the hospital suddenly refused the use of its facilities to the association's surgeon. The patient had to be removed to her home and later operated on by another doctor at another hospital. This and similar episodes were cited by the Group Health Association in its demand for a Congressional investigation of both the District Medical Society and the A. M. A. Such an investigation was, in fact, called for in a resolution introduced in the House by Representative Byron Scott. Whereupon the American Medi-

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cal Association procured the introduction of a counter-resolution calling for an investigation of the Group Health Association.

About the same time Senator Robert Wagner introduced in the Senate a resolution calling for an expenditure of $50,000 on an investigation of the adequacy and cost of medical care in relation to income and ability to pay; the provisions of this resolution show clearly the influences of the "principles and proposals." A similar resolution, sponsored by Robert Wagner, Jr., was recently adopted by the New York State Legislature and signed by Governor Lehman.

Many studies of the problem of the cost of medical care are likely to be authorized by state legislatures during the next few years. They represent the last line of retreat of well-meaning legislators harassed by the fire of the A. M. A. legislative lobby. They are doubtless useful in focusing public attention, although the facts have been gathered and analyzed a hundred times, and the picture of medical need, waste, and disorganization is always the same. For example, the recently published findings of the study conducted by the Institute of Public Health were remarkably close to the findings of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care published in 1932—the situation was found a little worse, if anything, because of the accumulation of unmet medical need during the depression years.

Now that both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. have indorsed health insurance, the chances that it will eventually be made compulsory are fair. In Wisconsin, where the Milwaukee Medical Center, a group-practice unit organized to serve the employees of the International Harvester Company, has won round after round of a four-year battle with the State Medical Society, the Milwaukee Trades Council has recently entered the fight. As a result of the action of the State Medical Society in expelling members of the center's staff, only two hospitals remain in which patients of the center can be hospitalized. Hence the Trades Council has raised the issue of "free choice of hospitals by union members of the center." The unions have also announced that they will boycott the Community Chest, which subsidizes from publicly subscribed funds the very hospitals that have canceled the staff privileges of the Milwaukee Medical Center doctors. In addition, it is probable that the State Federation of Labor will reintroduce in the 1937 legislature its very strong bill designed to prevent such abuses —a bill which may well be copied by other states.

To understand what is going on, it is important for the layman to remember that with the exception of the relatively small League for Socialized Medicine there is today no organized medical group advocating either state medicine or compulsory health insurance. The Committee of 430—now 770—wants, first, government subsidies for medical research, education, and care of the indigent; second, a democratic regime with full liberty of discussion and publication within the A. M. A.; officially, at least, it wants nothing more at present.

At the recent annual conference of the American Association for Social Security the writer made his own minor contribution to this free-for-all. It took the form of a paper entitled "Some Economic Opposition to Health Insurance," embodying research which a dozen magazines, fearing libel suits, had previously declined to publish. After pointing out the inevitable "community of interest" which the A. M. A. has developed with the advertisers in the official medical press, I cited the advertising of the Philip Morris Company which has appeared every week for the past three years in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. This advertising cites research, subsidized by the Philip Morris Company, in support of its claim that Philip Morris cigarettes, because of the use of diethylene glycol as the hydroscopic ingredient (moistener), are less irritating than other cigarettes. Other published research, most of it, to be sure, subsidized by the glycerine interests (glycerine is the competing moistener), flatly contradicts the findings of the Philip Morris research.

Since the advertising contracts of the *Journal* also constitute an indirect subsidy of A. M. A. activities, the function of the A. M. A. bureaus and officials in censoring advertising for the protection of the profession and the public, no matter how honestly it may be exercised, also leads to embarrassing situations. This appeared clearly in the discussion of the writer's paper already mentioned. In answer to a question by the writer, W. F. Greenwald, chief chemist of the Philip Morris Company, in describing the procedure which he followed in obtaining acceptance by the *Journal* of the Philip Morris advertising, said: "Now, Dr. Fishbein was very helpful to us in telling what we should do, how we should do it, how we should advertise, that we should keep our advertising ethical, dignified, and proper; and we appreciated that. We had imposed upon his good nature, we felt, and at one time I said to the president of our company, 'I feel somewhat embarrased asking for so many courtesies from Dr. Fishbein. I think it would be wise on our part, and I would like to compensate Dr. Fishbein for any services he might render our company.' I was authorized by our president to offer Dr. Fishbein a retainer, which I did; and Dr. Fishbein thanked me for the offer, and told me that his one job was editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* and any courtesies that he could extend to us would be his pleasure." Mr. Greenwald later stated, in response to a further question: "I was authorized to offer $25,000, but I did not offer $25,000."

In the opinion of the writer, the embarrassment experienced by Mr. Greenwald in this matter would have

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been largely avoidable if cigarette manufacturers as well as drug manufacturers were licensed by an appropriately staffed federal bureau authorized to control in some measure both the production and advertising of such products. The introduction of public control at this point might well operate to reduce the net income of the A. M. A.; it might also shake Dr. Fishbein's domination of A. M. A. policies, which rests on his de facto control of the A. M. A. as a business.

By this time it should be clear that the "marriage of convenience" of medicine and business has turned out badly. As the "better half," the profession theoretically dominates the relationship. Actually it does not. In attempting through its councils and committees to "license" after a fashion various commercial interests, the A. M. A. merely compromises itself and lays the basis for the type of internal political control from which it is now suffering.

Italy from the Inside

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

Paris, May 12

THE Anschluss is no joking matter for the Italians. In serious conversation they admit that they do not like it at all. The farther north in Italy I traveled, the more worried I found them. Nor does their leader like it any better.

Why, then, did Mussolini, who had prevented Anschluss in 1934 by mobilizing at the Brenner, put up no opposition in 1938. Briefly, it has been a story of a rake's progress. Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure transformed the friendship of Britain and France into hostility and threw him into the arms of Hitler. It made Italy a Mediterranean rather than a Continental power. Mussolini did not like Hitler—and still does not—but he needed German friendship to help him carry out his designs in Mare Nostrum. The first real evidence of the new set-up came in 1936. In that year Schuschnigg visited Mussolini in Venice seeking aid against the encroachments of Hitler. Correspondents stationed in Italy told me they knew the worst when they saw the Austrian Chancellor after the conference drooping unhappily over his coffee in St. Mark's Square. He had received a warning that he could not any longer count on Italian help against Hitler.

As time went on, Mussolini's prolonged feud with Britain, his difficulties in unpacified Ethiopia, his heavy investment in the Spanish War increased his dependence on Hitler. In addition, the military situation had altered. In 1934 the German army lacked the strength to fight Italy in Tyrol. In 1937-38 the new fast-moving, mechanized and motorized German forces could not be lightly challenged. These forces could now cross little Austria in a trice, as events later proved, and check the Italians at the Brenner.

Contrary to opinions generally held, Hitler did not notify the Italians that he was going to crack down on Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden. Mussolini, as a matter of fact, did not need this warning. He had seen what was coming when the Reichswehr was purged in January and had immediately started to talk in earnest with Lord Perth. While haggling with Britain, he told Schuschnigg to accept Seyss-Inquart, for he expected that the Anschluss process would take many months, and meanwhile, he thought, he would enjoy a good bargaining position with Perth. For the same reasons he did not encourage Schuschnigg to announce the fatal plebiscite, although Ciano publicly showed his satisfaction with Schuschnigg's rash gamble. But although Anschluss was seen to be inevitable, real consternation struck the Palazzo Venezia when Hitler swooped down on Austria. On the day that the famous "Adolf to Benito" letter was made public, the bewildered Italian officials actually called in a number of foreign correspondents and asked them what the world's reaction to the matter would be. The correspondents assured them that the world felt that Italy "had been done in."

Small comfort in that, and less in the reaction throughout the country. I heard one little Balilla girl declare that her section would not salute Hitler when he came to Rome in May. Students hissed Virginio Gayda, the Fascist editor, when he attempted in a lecture to apologize for the Anschluss. An Italian business man who had devoted an hour to telling me of the greatness of the Duce and the success of Fascism admitted that this time Mussolini had made a grave mistake and that the Anschluss was a real danger to Italy. In his April speech Mussolini attempted to reassure his people by a florid recapitulation of Italian military strength, but so far as I could gauge public opinion in Rome during the week following, Italians remained depressed.

One part of Italy asked for special reassurance. The ports of Trieste and Fiume, which had been doing a very lucrative business, found themselves seriously menaced by Hitler's conquest. Trieste, for instance, had seen its trade rise from 3,019,322 tons in 1935 to 5,386,700 in 1937. Presumably Austrian trade would now be di-

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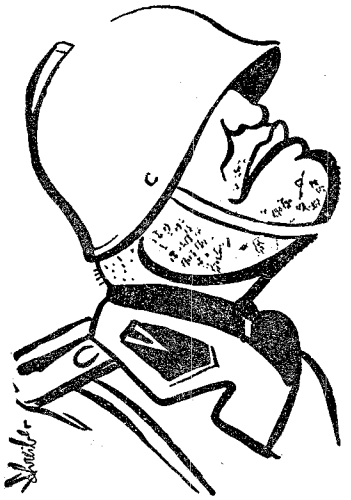
verted to Hamburg, and Czechoslovakian trade to either Hamburg or Gdynia. The Italian Adriatic ports foresaw the loss of perhaps 25 per cent of their business. Mussolini promised to make a visit (of condolence?) to Trieste and Fiume.

The Cardinal Innitzer incident did little to calm Italian fears. When this Austrian prelate—actually, I learned, against Vatican orders—rashly urged Austrians to vote for the Anschluss in Hitler's plebiscite, he stirred the Vatican to action. He had to recant. But meanwhile he had provoked the remarkable Vatican broadcast in German rebuking him. Although the Vatican reneged on the matter afterward, no one in Rome doubted that the broadcast was authoritative. This had profound repercussions on opinion, both Italian and German. On Sunday, April 10, I saw numerous Germans descend from the Naples express at Gaeta to vote on the German battleship then anchored in the harbor. But I did not know until later that many of these were Catholics on their Easter pilgrimage and that they registered a surprising number of votes against the Anschluss.



Il Duce

Pressure of public opinion made Mussolini hasten to conclude an agreement with Britain. But besides the popular prestige which he hoped to gain, he had a number of more material objectives. Not the least of these concerned Ethiopia.

In Rome I found opinion, even among foreign observers, almost unanimous that Italy was meeting little resistance in the consolidation of its new colony. The military attaché of an important democratic power said he considered it "a normal colonial operation." He pointed to the Ethiopian casualty report for March, which stated that only sixty-two Italians, soldiers and colonists, had died from all causes. However, this list took no account of the undoubted losses among the army's native troops. Outside Italy one hears that Mussolini is still fighting a serious war in Ethiopia. These reports, while exaggerated, contain, I believe, some truth—at least enough to explain Mussolini's eagerness to obtain recognition for the Italian Empire. Such recognition, besides salving his pride, would assist in the pacification. Foreign observers, however, believe that Ethiopia will remain for some time a distinct economic liability. Italy has obtained few raw materials from its new province, and explorations for that one which Mussolini needs above all others—oil—have proved a flat failure. Recognition may pave the way for the foreign financial help without which Italy cannot develop its empire.

An understanding with Britain on Spain seemed necessary to Mussolini as a counterpoise to the Anschluss. Although the Spanish war has aroused little enthusiasm among the Italian people, I feel that it is not as unpopular as observers outside of Italy declare. Many of the "volunteers" are less conscripts than mercenaries. I know of one reserve officer who in private life had been earning 800 lire a month. For enlistment in Spain he received 2,500 lire a month from the Italian government, not to mention an additional salary from Franco and the customary looting privileges. I am of the opinion that the Spanish war worries the people less than it does their rulers. The cost of the war comes high. With large sums expended on the "volunteers" and on supplies for Franco, Italy has so far failed to make the books balance. Italian firms have, it is true, received great commercial and mineral concessions, and some raw materials have been sent from Spain to Italy, but so far these have fallen far short of paying for the military investment. A complete victory, of course, for Franco may make the picture more promising.

Economic facts fill in this picture of a situation which spurs Mussolini to make his position stronger in the Mediterranean as it grows weaker in the north. But the real facts are not immediately apparent. On the surface Italian industry seems booming. Heavy industry and many factories of light industry are doing a big business on munitions orders. Unemployment, one critic of the regime told me, is not a problem. This, I discovered, is not entirely true. In Naples I heard reports of substantial unemployment, and in Modena in the north an otherwise enthusiastic Fascist said that while the big centers had no unemployed, small towns like Modena had quite a few. On the whole, business has been earning big profits, and business men profess to have confidence in the future.

After some delving, however, I found that the prosperity now seems likely to recede. In Milan a sudden and serious crisis has developed in textiles, normally Italy's largest industry. No figures on this have so far appeared, and few persons abroad have taken notice of it. But manufacturers of cotton, artificial-silk yarns, and textiles freely admit that since February orders have declined sharply. The artificial-fiber market, thriving in 1937, has started to follow a similar course. Manufacturers of these products complain of losses in the Chinese market caused by the war, of Japanese competition throughout the world (Rome's political friendship for Japan is becoming distinctly cooler), and of overstocking by domestic buyers. All textile manufacturers expect to be operating on a two-day or three-day week before

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summer. Such a reduction in employment will be a serious matter.

A little calculation indicates that other factors than Japanese competition and overzealous buyers are at the bottom of this situation. Italy's closed economy and enormous rearmament have formed a vicious circle. The self-sufficiency program has fallen ludicrously short of meeting raw-material demands. I hear that many of the sequestered foreign securities once held by Italian capitalists have been sold to obtain foreign exchange. Italy's gold reserve is rapidly diminishing. The very large trade deficit last year surpassed any since 1930. All these factors, plus the devaluation of the lira, have sent prices rocketing. Unofficial studies which seem to me quite fair indicate a 40 per cent rise in the cost of living. Against this the government has raised wages approximately 20 per cent. It has also frozen rents and the cost of water and electricity at pre-devaluation levels. The middle classes are bearing the heaviest burden, for the rise in prices has been sharpest in commodities bought by the higher income groups. In general, one can say with assurance that a margin of from 10 to 20 per cent lies between the increased cost of living and the rise in wages. In short, the standard of living—and with it the buying of textiles and other consumers' goods—has suffered a serious decline.

This is especially apparent in rural Italy. I have never seen any peasants in Western Europe more poverty-stricken than those in the area south of Naples. They were clad literally in rags and tatters, and their houses looked like animal hovels. Even government statistics paint a picture of distress in the south; the death-rate has risen sharply in the five southernmost provinces, where from 40 to 50 per cent of the population have between one-half and one hectare. Big latifundia predominate. Even Virginio Gayda declared in the *Popolo* last fall that the productivity of this area rated better in the time of the Saracens than today, that the peasantry live like troglodytes, and that the landlords have to keep armed men to maintain order.

In central and northern Italy the present drought looms as a serious danger to the peasants. Business men in the north with interests connected with agriculture say that the wheat harvest—last year eight million metric tons—will fall to five million or less unless timely rains come to the rescue. Corn and rice, which according to government regulations must provide a 10 per cent filler for flour, have suffered similarly. An even larger importation of wheat than last year is forecast. What this will do to Italy's already swollen trade deficit must worry Fascist economists.

These, then, are the gloomy realities behind the cheers of the crowds outside the Palazzo Venezia and the dauntless orations of Mussolini to his people. Do they suggest, however, that Mussolini and Fascism are cracking up? It is not difficult to find symptoms of discontent to support this view. For one thing, jokes about the Duce and the regime—non-existent a year ago—have begun to appear. Also, in Rome I saw photostats of the record of a trial of some score of armament engineers, convicted of selling plans and technical secrets to the agent of a foreign power. This hardly indicates that Fascism has rendered Italians 100 per cent loyal. Finally, one can discover many grumblers. Yet I have the impression that the man in the street complains, when he dares, about specific unpleasant developments — the Anschluss, the rise in the price of bread, and other things—but does not criticize the regime as a whole. I could discover no confirmation of reports of unrest, strikes, a growing underground movement, or Communist activity. The *mystique* of Mussolini and Fascism still blinds Italians to the realities of their condition.

It is well to realize also that Mussolini possesses considerable resources for combating discontent. He has his secret police, who can effectively stamp out signs of rebellion. He has an extremely efficient intelligence service, which informs him of the first symptoms of discontent. Thus warned, he quickly applies palliatives—a new road built here, a new workers' rest house there, a "House for Mother and Baby" in another place, a job for this grumbler, a notification of army service to another. He has great gifts, too, for utilizing foreign opposition to consolidate patriotic sentiment behind him; he did this consummately at the time of sanctions. If a depression comes, he can accelerate the pace of the armament industry. He can impose another capital levy to pay for it. The last capital levy, incidentally, was not as unpopular as is supposed. It hit small business men and forced many into bankruptcy; but big business, fat with profits from armaments and devaluation, rejoiced that it came only to 10 per cent. While Mussolini cannot impose further tax burdens on the masses, he has hardly scratched the surface of taxation of the rich. The best estimate of his position is that it is not so strong as during the sanctions period and right afterward, but stronger than just before the Abyssinian war. Most observers in Rome concur in this view.

Foreign Minister Ciano

Will he maintain this position in the face of the increasingly tense foreign situation? Seemingly, he occu-

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pies good bargaining ground between Germany on the one hand and Britain and France on the other. Yet the heavy weight of Hitler pressing down from the north, with its military threat to the Brenner and its economic threat to Trieste, may prevent the Duce from soaring too far in the ether with Lord Perth. The Perth agreement has enabled him to recoup some of the prestige he lost by the Anschluss, but the Italians have analyzed its provisions no more than have the British and are just as unprepared for disappointments. Impressed by the façade of its numerous clauses, they fail to recognize that its efficacy depends on how the two parties act in the near future. Will London, for instance, grant Mussolini the credits his strained economy so badly needs? The rumor persists that he wrung an unwritten promise of credits from Perth, but these may be withheld until Britain sees whether Mussolini is going to "be good" in Spain and the eastern Mediterranean. Past master of *combinazione* that he is, Mussolini may play a game during the next few months that will create as critical an international situation as Hitler created by his invasion of Austria.

In the Wind

A NEW PHASE of the anti-New Deal drive is being quietly prepared and will break immediately after the Congressional elections. The sponsor is Political Intelligence: League of American Business Men, one of whose representatives is already soliciting funds. Emphasis will be placed on an attempt to "detach President Roosevelt from his left-wing advisers." As the first step, advertisements denouncing the National Labor Relations Board will be placed in 110 newspapers at a cost of $500,000. One of the men raising the war-chest claims that he is a Hearst newspaperman. He also insists that both Vice-President Garner and James A. Farley are sympathetic.

EVER SINCE *The Nation* reported the censorship of columnists on the Scripps-Howard *World-Telegram*, Roy Howard has been receiving inquiries. In at least one reply—written personally and by hand—he flatly denied the charge. But one of his subordinates at the Cleveland *Press*, another Scripps-Howard link where censorship has occurred, has been more candid. When the *Press* banned Pegler's column supporting the Loyalists, which the *World-Telegram* also omitted, this explanation appeared: "Due to transmission delay there will be no column today." Shortly afterward the *Press* published a letter asking why the column had been left out, to which the editor frankly replied, "The column in question was omitted because in our editorial judgment it was unnecessarily offensive."

SOME YEARS ago, when Henlein's Sudeten German Party professed democratic ideas and even admitted Jews, Leo Benedict, a Czech Jew, willed the party about six million dollars. Three months ago Benedict died; the Sudeten Nazis are now inheriting a Jewish fortune.

NEWSPAPERS FAILED to report an unprecedented incident at Columbia University's recent commencement exercises. When Thomas Mann received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, there was a tumultuous demonstration of approval in place of the usual polite ripple of applause. When George Sokolsky received a university medal for "useful or exceptional service in public or professional life," there was a persistent, audible outbreak of hissing.

DURING THE last Moscow trials Ambassador Davies, who attended them, steadfastly refused to comment publicly. But in a confidential cable to the State Department the Ambassador reported that his own experience as a trial lawyer and his observation of the proceedings convinced him that the defendants were telling the truth.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS narrowly escaped making a serious blunder last week. The New York office received a report that a terrific explosion had occurred at the Panama Canal. War Department officials in Washington immediately denied it. But inquiries and reports flew back and forth over the agency's private wire. Finally the truth was tracked down. The A. P.'s informant had heard a South American radio broadcast dramatizing a mythical explosion at the Canal.

CROSS-COUNTRY: *Fortune* stirred wide comment with its anonymous plea to business to make peace with the New Deal. The author of the piece was John Chamberlain. . . . Advance predictions that Senator Barkley will defeat Governor Chandler in the Kentucky primary are less confident now that the Republicans are pouring money into the state to swing the Democrats to Chandler. . . . Ellery Sedgwick, *Atlantic Monthly* editor for thirty years, whose recent pro-Franco dispatches aroused many protests, has retired. . . . A few months ago political surveys showed Secretary Hull to be the strongest candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1940, but more recent tests indicate that his popularity has diminished sharply. . . . Los Angeles Nazis have forced a large department store, owned by Jews, to ban Phyllis Bottome's "The Mortal Storm" from its counters.

AROUND THE WORLD: An executive of the Japanese Sumitomo Chemical Industry Company recently visited Germany to learn the reactions to Japanese policy. He reported that "German capitalists, because of conflicting business interests, are anti-Japanese although the Nazi Party members are pro-Japanese." . . . Police forbade mention of the word "communist" at a youth conference in Montreal; representatives of the Young Communist League spoke, and were addressed as members of "an unmentionable organization."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE plight of the railroads grows more serious every week. The net operating income of Class 1 railroads in the first four months of the current year was $28,791,805. During the corresponding period of 1937 it was $195,872,531. The Association of American Railroads in giving out these figures announces that sixty-five Class 1 railroads failed to earn expenses and taxes in the first quarter of 1938. The return on property investment was only at the rate of 0.44 per cent compared with 3.01 per cent in the corresponding period of last year. This showing is the more interesting because operating expenses were 12.6 per cent less this year than last and taxes were $5,000,000 less. But gross operating revenues were $1,081,603,138 as compared with $1,382,679,318, a decrease of 21.8 per cent. In April alone, gross operating revenues were $268,268,919 against $351,506,791 in April, 1937. It is true that the railroads have not had the advantage of an increase in rates during the whole of this period, but since increased rates in times of depression make for decreased traffic even more than in good times, it is plain that the situation would not have been much altered had there been the higher rates from January 1.

The truth is that more and more railroads are facing bankruptcy, in addition to those now undergoing reorganization. The stocks of most of them are at low-water mark. The first recommendation one hears is that the government should lend them more money to tide them over, but lending more money merely adds to the burdens under which the railroads are already staggering. Moreover, Senators La Follette of Wisconsin, Wagner of New York, and Wheeler of Montana have declared that they will oppose legislation for additional government loans to the railways if the railways persist in demanding the right to lower wages. To this the railways retort that they need an increase of net earnings far more than government loans; the more money they borrow the more they must earn in order to meet the new and old interest charges.

Well then, how can earnings be increased? The railroads insist that the only way is to decrease wages, since the increase in rates granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission is insufficient. It is hard to answer this logic. Of course many reformers truly say that the trouble with the railroads is their swollen capital structure, representing years of frenzied finance and generations of failure on the part of banker-managed railroads to reduce their indebtedness. A reform of capital structure is being undertaken in the case of those railroads that are seeking reorganization, but it is a slow and costly process and does not, of course, help the roads which have not yet declared bankruptcy and are striving to keep their heads above water. Some of these have been well managed and honorably conducted; given normal times they could survive.

Any temporary government aid to worthy roads, with or without the promise of non-interference with railroad wages, would obviously be merely a stop-gap measure. It would not go to the heart of the problem, which is further complicated by President Roosevelt's announcement that he is opposed to government ownership. He made it clear, however, that government ownership might be forced by additional bankruptcies, a universal financial breakdown. This the government will hardly wish to permit since it would further decrease the purchasing power of the great investing classes, the insurance companies, and the philanthropic institutions of all kinds, which have invested heavily in railroad securities. The railroad companies are of course delighted that the President has come out against government ownership. But as the *Railway Age* has again pointed out, with the hourly wage increased by 170 per cent since 1916 and the hourly output of the workmen increased only 72 per cent during that time, Mr. Roosevelt needs to do more than oppose government ownership if the railways are to escape ruin.

I am very sorry that the President has come out against government ownership, for I have long held that no other solution is possible and that the railroads ought to be freed from Wall Street control at the earliest possible moment. I am well aware of all the difficulties, such as the fixing of a fair purchase price, but sooner or later that will have to be done. As long as the railroads are in their present condition we have an open and dangerous sore in the body economic. The only remedy is a radical surgical operation. If Mr. Roosevelt would put himself at the head of such a movement and really seek to push it through, he would be taking a tremendous step forward toward a solution of the railroad problem. Moreover, the spirits of many of his disheartened followers would be revived and the business situation would certainly be clarified after the first shock was over. At least one railway president has admitted to me that no other outcome is possible. So why delay?

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ESCAPE FROM THE MOUSETRAP

BY ANTON KUH

II

ON THE day of the Berchtesgaden meeting no one in Vienna had any idea of its real significance. In fact, an interpretation contrary to the true one prevailed. Even now I am moved by it; the Nazis, thinking their Führer had forsaken them by inviting their arch-enemy, went around hanging their heads, while those with Fatherland leanings and the Jews, after the first shock, wore a confident air.

If they had been able to see Schuschnigg on the evening of that day in a hotel room at Salzburg—the same Salzburg where half a year before I had seen ghosts—renting his emotion in a burst of tears before he continued to Vienna, they would have packed their trunks precipitately. For our fate is not safeguarded by the tears of those who rule us so surely as by their weapons of defense.

What Schuschnigg experienced in those days he immediately wrote down in a memorandum. This invaluable document his deputy, Minister Zernatto, who succeeded in reaching the border on the evening of March 11, is believed to have deposited in a safe place. (This is probably one of the chief reasons why Schuschnigg is today undergoing the torture of arrest; this memorandum was his "high treason.") Outside Austria much of what had occurred was known by the next day; how the Austrian Chancellor, an inveterate smoker, was not allowed to light a cigarette while his host talked on for hours, ostensibly because Hitler was sensitive to smoke, in reality however, to break Schuschnigg down; how the Chancellor handed to the German Führer the plan of the plot signed by Hess and General Reichenau—whereupon Hitler opened wide the door to the next room and admitted three generals, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, assure Herr Schuschnigg that you are ready to march"; how Hitler during this conversation demonstratively received a delegation of Austrian fugitive traitors and said to them in a ringing voice, "Children, I shall not forsake you any longer. You will go back to Austria." But many more striking details were not learned and are not known today. Finally Schuschnigg saw that the conversation, which was really a six-hour monologue by Hitler, had become hopeless. He demanded to be taken to his car. Hitler looked at him and said with emphasis, "You will travel, however, in *my* car." With great dignity Schuschnigg asked, "Am I then already your prisoner?"

Three days later Vienna was seized. The enemy had been let into the city, his Trojan horse the ministry of police and security, which had been handed over to the National Socialist Seyss-Inquart. But in contrast to the Greek warriors, the attackers did not wait for night before emerging from their hiding place; they came out in broad daylight, wearing the swastika and uttering cries of victory.

And the easygoing heedlessness of the citizens?

It was a game of chance between fear of ghosts and trust in the world (really, trust in Europe), a new kind of parlor game played in the old dining-rooms, in the bars and cafes of the town, in which people asked one another, "Are you an optimist or are you a pessimist?"

With each speech, with each new event, the strength of the opponents, optimism and pessimism, varied. After Schuschnigg's pledge, "So far and no farther," a new sun seemed to rise on Austria. Then after the ensuing speech of the Nazi Minister, Seyss-Inquart, "You young National Socialists fought like devils," it was quickly darkened. While these speeches and counter-speeches were being made, I sat almost continually in the train between Prague and Vienna.

I was born in Austria; more deeply than many others I had been agitated by each convulsion of its existence. I wanted to be there when it sank into the grave.

IN THE MOUSETRAP

But the voices of my friends multiplied; they said, "Better not come back again." For slowly the feeling grew upon them all—optimists and pessimists, Catholics, Jews, and patriots—that they were caught in a mousetrap.

The optimists, to be sure, still believed in a power which to the world's misfortune has never materialized in the whole five years since 1933, an international public-health police which would prevent the spread of political leprosy from one country to another. As Christians and good Austrians they thought: "They can't make us into a different people without our consent, even if we do speak the language." The Jews thought further: "Even if it happens, we shall be for the 'deliverers' an alien race; and they must at least ask us what we want to do, go or stay, and grant us free passage."

Shortsighted wretches! To be deprived afterward of

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their citizenship, not by their compatriots, the Austrians, but by the victorious invaders, was the least they had to bear. Even in the worst nightmare they could never have pictured to themselves with what means and to what ends not only their dignity but their property would be taken from them, could not have imagined that a financially rotten state, in order to repair the consequences of its own failures and to obtain indispensable goods, would coolly rob them—partly by law, partly by breaking into their homes at night and committing crimes beside which the terrors of St. Bartholomew's Night grow pale—of the wealth they had accumulated by centuries of civilized bourgeois industry. Inconceivable was the formula, "Vienna's Jews shall pay for Germany's sins."

To understand this one must know, as all travelers do whose journeys have taken them to Austria in recent years, that Viennese Jews, in their customs, their appearance, their spiritual qualities—skeptical and ironic like the best Europeans—formed one of the finest strata of society in the world. They were strongly mixed with aristocratic blood, were neither narrow-minded nor boastful; they kept their eyes and hearts always directed to the rest of Europe, felt with justification that they were an élite dating from the old empire. There is no need to enumerate the famous names in art, science, and industry which this small group of scarcely 200,000 people has given to the world.

Now they were all trapped. But what was uncanny was that in this whole time, yes, up to the last decisive day, the word Jew was not heard from a single sneering mouth. Hitler's mills grind smoothly. No sudden outbursts of emotion accompany the work of vengeance. Even cynical bestiality is executed with military order. Characteristically the Germans have adopted the equivocal expression "individual acts" (*Einzelaktionen*), a catchword which conceals from the world the identity of the police with gangsters and at the same time among themselves brings about a better division of the booty. Those who knew how to listen, in the anti-Semitic stillness of the last Vienna days, felt the more fearful.

Many of the victims might still have been able to save themselves. But now (March 9, when Schuschnigg announced the plebiscite) begins the real tragedy, which is at the same time an instructive example of how the weakness of rulers works the ruin of the governed. For the Viennese Jews the course of events contained another more important lesson—that one should never accept the protection of a forced sympathy.

Schuschnigg, half dictator, half democrat, had the terrible role of seeing his love, not his hate, bring ruin to those committed to his protection. Without his knowing it he had been allotted by destiny the task of turning his country into a mousetrap and himself springing the trap.

Among the thousands who after Berchtesgaden packed for a journey and studied maps in their rooms the joke went around, "What is the most valuable *Wertpapier?* A foreign passport." But they changed their mind after Schuschnigg's first speech. The announcement of the plebiscite raised their confidence to new heights. They stood fast and remained.

If only they had merely waited. But they provided the conqueror with the opportunity to justify himself, to throw them into prison, and to rob them of their possessions. All the powerful and famous of the country realized this as soon as the enemy marched in. They had themselves furnished the excuse for their persecution—their names were found on the list of those who had contributed to funds to be used for propaganda for the plebiscite. Jews had reached deep into their pockets to strengthen their protector—for the enemy that was a symbol of how rich they must be.

But the trap was not yet quite shut. True, no one could get out of it very easily, but people could get in without difficulty. Schuschnigg's diabolical popularity brought it about that people who had lived outside the country for years, for decades even, journeyed to Vienna at the last moment to discharge their patriotic duty of voting in the plebiscite. Many of these were never seen again; their relatives appealed in vain to the diplomatic representatives of the countries where they had resided. Jews were by no means the only ones who met this dreadful fate. Most shocking is the story of some honest labor leaders who had fled to Brünn in Czechoslovakia in February, 1934, at the time of the mass murder of the Vienna workers. For the years of their banishment they had kept the faith. Austria no longer existed for them. Then Schuschnigg opened the door to them so that they might win over their followers for the plebiscite. On the day before the last they tied up their bundles for the journey with a backward glance of gratitude at the new homeland which for four years had given them safety and a living. They too were never seen again.

I came from Brünn at the same time and sat with some of them in the train. Their joy depressed me. Was it not against their principles to answer the call of their former enemy, who now because of a common need sat, so to speak, in the same galley? Did they not recognize that this strategic good-will was no dependable anchor?

Even toward the Socialists Schuschnigg now had a divided heart. When he was Minister of Education in Dollfuss's Cabinet in 1934 he was surer of his position. Today he needed them—too late—to save the state, regarded them as the "lesser evil." But his love for them, like his love for the Jews, was a defensive love. He wanted to bargain with them, make concessions to them in return for a *Ja* vote in the election. But he made his offers with half-willing hand and mind.

As I sat in the Brünn-Vienna train and heard Austrian

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Socialists for the first time in many years talking openly to one another, confident of the future yet vitally bound up in the hopes of the man who had sent for them, in that moment, though I was quite unaware of it, the bell of my deliverance rang. One thought occupied me. It gnawed at me and wouldn't let me loose. This thought, through which it seemed to me I could save the fatherland, was actually, by a joke of Providence, to be the means by which I should save myself.

I wanted to play the game of world politics, to throw myself as a man of letters into the political current. Who listens to persons like us, persons rich only in delusions and presentiments, mocked at as cafe Bohemians? Who has ever asked our advice? Our simple wisdom, because it is too direct, passes as impolitic. Our twice-two-is-four has never reached the ear of rulers. The guild of politicians bars the way to our too direct knowledge and observation as if they offered a sordid competition. Perhaps the extraordinary character of the times would allow me to accomplish something extraordinary—not like that talk with Starhemberg in Salzburg which had pleased the prince in him more than it had enlightened the politician.

How could one tell Schuschnigg, the half-dictator, remote from the world, what I had heard here in the train? How could one open his eyes to the need and the despair?

[*The third and concluding instalment of Escape from the Mousetrap will be published next week.*]

BOOKS

The Great Humbug

THE SYNDICAL AND CORPORATIVE INSTITUTIONS OF ITALIAN FASCISM. By G. Lowell Field. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

HAD he limited himself to the description of the so-called syndical and corporative institutions of Italian Fascism as they exist on paper in official Fascist documents, Mr. Field would have given us a perfectly useless work, since many other "social scientists" have already dedicated themselves to this particular type of sociological "hobby." The author of this work, on the contrary, has wished to go beyond the written paper to see how these institutions function in reality. Hence the interest of his book.

There exist in the Fascist dictatorship a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate. These two bodies are supposed to perform the duties of national representative assemblies. In what degree do they perform these duties?

The answer to this question is contained in the twenty-four pages summarizing the reports of the "debates" held during several meetings of the two houses. In the course of these "debates," if ever any member of the Chamber advances some humble suggestion which might be construed as a criticism, he accompanies it with unconditional approbation of the government and long-winded adulation of the Duce and the ministers who enjoy his confidence. As a rule those "debates" consist of "vibrant manifestations of homage to the head of the government," "very hearty, prolonged, and general applause and loud cries of 'Long live the Duce,'" "imposing demonstrations for the Duce," salutes "in Roman fashion" and batches of "bills approved without discussion" or "by acclamation." Only in the Senate is dissent sometimes weakly voiced by some old man, nostalgic for the past, whose nomination to the Senate goes back to the pre-Fascist regime and who has not yet decided to give up the ghost.

After having described how the Fascist Parliament functions, the author relates how the so-called "syndicates" work, that is to say, the associations of employers and professional classes and the unions of employees. His researches reveal that the directing officers of the organizations are not elected by and are not accountable to the membership of the organizations they represent and that they are subject to removal at any time by the government, in other words, by the ruling personnel of the Fascist Party. However, the officials directing the organizations of the employers have more intimate connections with that ruling personnel, and the employing group counts many of its members among the leading political figures of the regime, whereas the workers are under the strict control of the Fascist politicians and have no say in any matter.

The fundamental task of the officials who run the associations of employers and the employees' unions is the drawing up of collective labor contracts. Once those contracts—be they good or bad—have been drawn up on paper, what happens to them? The author devotes a chapter of his book to this subject, which "social scientists" as a rule are careful to overlook. The gist of his findings is given in the report of a discussion he had with a minor official. The author made the following remark: "It seems to me that most of the industrial controversies are brought by workers already dismissed." The official answered that that was "fair enough" and went on to explain that "it would be impossible in a time of such great unemployment for an employed worker to sue his employer since he would necessarily fear dismissal."

> This situation he [the union official] considered to be a necessary inequality between employer and worker that could not at present be overcome. At any rate it was insoluble while there was a surplus of workers. . . . In the very distant future . . . this situation will not be acute. But this is a long way off. We must have confidence (nodding in the direction of Mussolini's picture). We cannot know what he sees [p. 132].

Thus the worker, after having been deprived of his trade-union rights with the promise that the Fascist-controlled unions would grant him "social justice" in labor contracts, is now told that labor contracts cannot be enforced so long as there is a surplus of workers. There was no need, it seems, to make so much noise about Fascist "social justice" if this was to be the upshot of the whole matter.

The last section of the book deals with those "corporations" which have been established above the organizations of employers and employees and which are expected to control the

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machinery of production. In this field also, after having described the organizations in question, the author wished, with his usual impertinence, to see how they function not on paper but in reality. He has gathered in the last chapter of his work the results of his inquiry.

The results are that the members of these bodies owe their appointment not to the membership of the organizations but to the leaders of the Fascist Party, and can meet, discuss, and arrive at decisions only if they obtain permission from Mussolini. The corporations are advisory councils which may facilitate to a considerable extent the tasks of the administrators' end of the regime, but they consult and agree probably in the same manner as all advisory bodies used to in the past and would do in the future under any kind of political regime, whether democratic or dictatorial.

If the present writer is not mistaken, this conscientious and thorough book will not be bought by thousands of copies by the Fascist propaganda bureaus for distribution among the "social scientists." It should therefore be widely circulated among those people desiring correct information about the Fascist Corporative State—the greatest humbug of the twentieth century. GAETANO SALVEMINI

Rimbaud and Abyssinia

ARTHUR RIMBAUD IN ABYSSINIA. By Enid Starkie. Oxford University Press. $3.

THE enigma of Arthur Rimbaud has always been singularly tantalizing. Even yet little concerning him has been published in English, and the recent biographical study by Enid Starkie, which deals primarily with the obscure facts of his African career, comes with a peculiar timeliness. During the past fifty years, in France as well as in England and America, the influence exerted by Rimbaud's work has been increasing. In his great poem "Le Bateau Ivre" symbolism and even surrealism first found literary expression. From Rimbaud's technical researches into language, particularly from the Vowel Sonnet with its theory of sound-color, sprang the germ which has fecundated our own era. As Ozenfant wrote recently. "From Rimbaud's sun issued Mallarmé's moon, and from that practically every other ultra-modern asteroid."

Although this biography is concerned chiefly with Rimbaud's life in Abyssinia, it has a dual interest. For in tracing his adventures Mrs. Starkie found that they would be unintelligible without an understanding both of Abyssinian history and of European colonization on the Somali coast. In assembling her facts the author consulted all available works by travelers and explorers of that time; also consular reports and numerous secret reports by British agents. Through the courtesy of the British Foreign Office she was given access to certain unpublished records of the so-called "closed period" between 1885 and 1890. In France this privilege was denied.

So inexplicable was Rimbaud's life and so strange and obscure were its last tragic years that it has never been easy to disentangle truth from fiction. Contradictory rumors circulated concerning him even in France. He was pictured as a friend and favorite of Menelek, living in Oriental luxury surrounded by a harem that Mohammed might have envied; as a dealer in slaves and ivory and peacock plumes; as a gun-running bandit or as a potentate among the blacks. But the truth was very different.

Long before reaching Africa Rimbaud had finished with his youthful extravagances, and with this change his creative work ended. At the age of nineteen the flamboyant savage, the evil genius of Verlaine, the mad visionary whose precocious poetry had baffled and scandalized all Paris, turned his back on literature. Disgusted with civilization, determined on amassing wealth, he vagabonded through Europe, sailed to Java, and finally drifted to Aden, where he obtained employment with a French shopkeeper, Bardey, who eventually sent him to Harar in charge of a newly opened trading post. Here, determined on saving enough money to allow him to embark on independent trading ventures, Rimbaud's existence was as penurious and wretched as that of any peasant in his native Ardennes.

The end was wretched failure. For all his determination to win fortune, Rimbaud lacked the trading instinct, the capacity for flattery and intrigue so necessary in dealing with the ignorant yet wily native chiefs. But his story is absorbing. Rimbaud is pictured as an intrepid explorer, a man who cared nothing for physical hardships, irascible in temper and a savage recluse. At the risk of his life he penetrated into the southern part of Ogaden, where before him no white man had set foot. With the explorer Borelli he was the first European to make his way across country from Entoto to Harar, along much the same route as that now followed by the Jibuti railway, which was then an untraveled wilderness infested by hostile tribes. The account of his one independent trading venture, of the ill luck that dogged his terrible four months' trek up-country to Ankober, of his meeting with Menelek, who outwitted and fleeced him so unmercifully, of his illness and terrible death at Marseilles, is vivid and absorbing.

What Rimbaud did, not what he may have thought or felt, is the substance of Mrs. Starkie's book. To those interested in Rimbaud the narrative is of intense interest. But beyond this the author gives us the concise history both of Abyssinia and of the struggle for power among England, Italy, and France for dominance on the Red Sea coast that culminated finally in the Italian invasion. And this is equally illuminating. RUTH PIELKOVA

American Heroes and Rascals

AMERICAN YEARS. By Harold Sinclair. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

MR. SINCLAIR, in his admirable fictionalized history of the town of Bloomington, Illinois—which he calls Everton—in the years 1830 to 1861, has the following significant sentences:

> A fourteen-year-old . . . walked through a magic forest on his way to Hobbs's school: a forest of burr, white, red black, and chinkapin swamp oak; of linn, honey locust, hackberry, coffee nut, sassafras, ironwood, black cherry, choke cherry, white elm and slippery elm, black and white walnut, shell-bark hickory, pignut hickory, sugar

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> maple, white maple, blue and white ash, sycamore, cottonwood, aspen, mulberry, box elder, buckeye, red bud, red haw, black haw, willow, service berry, sumach, prickly ash, blue beech, pawpaw, crabapple, wild plum, elder, wahoo, cedar, and, occasionally, persimmon. . . . And for the unseeing eye of this hypothetical fourteen-year-old . . . : black bear, Virginia deer, opossum, racoon, otter, red and gray squirrels, prairie wolves, foxes, rabbits, and an occasional elk; wild turkey, prairie chicken, partridge, quail, sandhill cranes, snow geese, Canadian geese, mallards, pintails, wood duck, butterball duck, teal grebe, mud hens, Virginia rails, water rails, golden, ringed, and Killdeer plovers, woodcock, curlews, snipe, and pigeons and turtledoves.

That was in 1836. The settlement which began with a few log cabins in Maple Grove in the twenties was incorporated as a town and county in 1832. Already land speculation had begun. The hardy pioneers who thought of creating a county seat thought also of selling to the new taxpayers a desirable group of lots in the center of the town. The rich, black, knotty prairie had not yet been broken to the plow. No plow had been invented to break it. But the steel plow came in time. The forests fell. The game, which had been invaluable for food, was driven out as relentlessly as were the Indians. The sections and quarter-sections were green with corn. The fat hogs were on their way to the raw village of Chicago, growing so incredibly fast. A man named McCormick was doing well in the reaper business. And in 1852 came the railroad.

For the ordinary citizen, the man who had laboriously broken his little spot of wilderness and built his little cabin, who had endured winter cold and summer heat, who had by sheer brute strength and the new plow edged out the prairie grass of ten thousand years' growing, the end had already come. A few men in the town were rich. They had bought land and held on to it until the price went up beyond anybody's wildest dreams. They invested in the railroad—and made the taxpayers pay. The division between the haves and have-nots was, a couple of decades away from the wilderness, wide enough to drive a team through. Some of the more fortunate ones were out-and-out rascals and thieves; some were, within their limits, honest men. Some of the little fellows were mean to their wives and set their children at the plow too young; some were good, far-sighted, hard-working farmers or lawyers or artisans; a few Germans came whose fathers had known Beethoven or who could play Bach; the railroad brought Shanty Town, the Irish ditch-digger who was the despair of the farmers no more than of his own priest. There were a couple of wars: the disgraceful Black Hawk War in 1832, which finished off the Indians; the equally disgraceful Mexican War in 1846, which finished off the Mexicans, in Texas at least. There were politicians: Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, Prohibitionists, Whigs, Democrats, Anti-Nebraska Democrats, Anti-Nebraska Whigs. There was a tall, ugly man whom everybody seemed to know and like. His name was Lincoln.

Mr. Sinclair has handled his material not as an ordinary novel with a central plot and a single hero, but as a series of case histories, brief vignettes of this citizen of the town and that one. The town itself is the hero; the drama is the discovery and exploitation of the American land. Although he calls his novel fiction, he has not hesitated to use real characters. Lincoln is perhaps the least successful of them. But the story is real enough. And in spite of individual cases of heroism, generosity, honorable dealing, it is not a happy story. It makes, however, a book to be read. The humor of the soil is in it, the color of the land, and the unending variety that is man.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Life of Fanny Burney

BE LOVED NO MORE. By Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

"BE LOVED NO MORE," Arthur Bernon Tourtellot's study of the life and environment of Fanny Burney, gives rise to a number of interesting speculations on the art of biography, particularly on its development in the last twenty years. For it was in 1918 that "Eminent Victorians" was hailed as the book that would change the course of biography, and with the publication of "Queen Victoria" and "Elizabeth and Essex," Lytton Strachey was recognized as the arbiter of contemporary biographical writing. Yet now, only six years after his death, there appears a nearly four-hundred-page life of one of the most documented women in literary history without the slightest trace of the Strachey influence.

It was the custom to say, after the market was flooded with biographies by the less gifted, less scholarly imitators of Mr. Strachey, who borrowed his more obvious qualities of style and thought without understanding either, that the "new" biography grew out of hate rather than love of the subject. Doubtless many of Mr. Strachey's followers did choose their heroes and heroines largely for the pleasure of shooting them off their pedestals, but Mr. Strachey's own mechanism was far more complicated—a kind of Freudian love-hate that heightened his perceptions and gave him an understanding of persons long dead, unique in the history of biographers.

Mr. Strachey's distinction lay most of all in the economy of his technique, his unprecedented use of implication and ellipsis, his delicate and usually just irony. The fact that many of his imitators were superficial rather than economical, sarcastic rather than ironic, may explain the reaction against him, the curiously nineteenth-century quality of Mr. Tourtellot's book.

That it is a labor of love there can be no question—uncritical, exhaustive love. To a person unfamiliar with the late eighteenth century, with Boswell's "Life of Johnson," with the whole mass of documentation that grew out of Johnson's circle, this book is a pleasant and easy introduction, an adequate survey of the period. To the more critical reader, the student of biography who demands form, or at least a new focus on old subject matter, the book is not illuminating. The problem of Fanny Burney's character, why a woman who spent her youth in the most brilliant intellectual society of her day, who was a successful novelist at twenty-six, should at the age of thirty-two relegate herself to the position of lady-in-waiting at one of the dullest courts in the history of England, Mr. Tourtellot explains by only the most obvious and external reasoning. The thesis from

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which his book takes its title, that ". . . Time the Destroyer echoed after her all through her life the command, Be Loved No More—by relatives that had died and friends who had gone and a world which had forgotten," gives no clearer explanation of her character as a whole, her inner psychological processes, than the ordinary reader could derive from her letters and diaries.

One can only conclude, then, that for some private reason of his own, Mr. Tourtellot fell in love with Fanny Burney after all these years, that everything connected with her enchants him and, he thinks, may equally enchant those readers who like to listen to lovers' tales. The book has a very useful bibliography and a careful index. MINA CURTISS

Gorki's Last Novel

THE SPECTER. By Maxim Gorki. D. Appleton-Century Company. $3.50.

"THE SPECTER" is the last of Gorki's novels and the final section in the tetralogy of which Clim Samghin is the central figure. The preceding volumes having traced his reactions and thoughts from the period of the coronation of Nicholas to the unsuccessful uprising and Bloody Sunday of 1905, "The Specter" carries him through the crescendo epoch from 1906 to the revolution of 1917. Important as must be any book about the events of this crucial period by a participant of the stature of Gorki, "The Specter" is nevertheless a peculiarly lopsided piece of writing. It is, in fact, not so much a novel as an inordinately full recording of the talk of an era—a vast ear laid to the ground to catch all the voices that rose from Russia (and particularly, of course, from the intellectual proletariat) in those troubled days when revolution was fomenting.

There is, to be sure, the usual Gorkian parade of strongly drawn characters—blood descendants of the creatures of Dostoevsky and Chekhov—and also the various events in which Clim is occasionally involved, but these are, as it were, interludes between conversations. Gorki's key to the period—as to all Russian character, for that matter—is its talk; "The Specter" bulges and overflows with enormous gobs of it: vodka talk, samovar talk, salon talk, grapevine talk, railway-carriage talk, and always, of course, of all the gigantic intangibles beloved of Russian talkers—life, the soul, religion, ethics, the state. Aloof and critical, Clim moves in many circles but is a part of none; through him we listen to every type and faction, to schemer, revolutionary, farmer, and worker, to Bolshevik, Menshevik, Populist, Social Democrat, and Anarchist. Unrest not yet having reached sufficient proportions, indecision and factional discord are rampant; action is ground up into a choking dust of mouthed phrases, speeches, harangues.

Although it is formless and impressionistic, "The Specter" catches in its talk—as it could perhaps in no other way—every shift and vacillation, all the temporizing and uncertainty, that marked the thinking of Russian intellectuals in the years that preceded the most radical social change of our time. MILTON RUGOFF

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DRAMA

Benediction

AT LEAST half a dozen plays of more than passing interest were produced on Broadway during the season just finished. If you add several revivals well worth the doing and rather more than the usual number of pleasant diversions you get a total very respectable indeed. To me the best play of the year was Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" and not, as my colleagues of the Critics' Circle proclaimed, John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." If there were a prize—there shouldn't be—*for continuing promise, it would go to Clifford Odets's* "Golden Boy," and if there were another for the most interesting production of the year, Orson Welles would take it with either "Julius Caesar" or "The Shoemaker's Holiday" even if he didn't have both on which to rest his claim.

The enthusiasm which Mr. Welles and his Mercury Theater provoked seems to me the most significant symptom which analysis could discover in a year more remarkable for the diversity of aims among the most successful playwrights than for any obvious trend. Despite "Golden Boy" and "One-Third of a Nation" the collapse of the Theater Union made for less activity than we have been accustomed to among the proponents of left-wing agitation, and it would require more ingenuity than I possess to discover a common denominator between "Our Town" and "Of Mice and Men." Something might be made of the remarkable fact that at least six new plays dealt with the supernatural in some form or other, but if that is more than an accident, it is, like the success of the Mercury Theater, only another indication that the public has become less literal-minded than it was a few years ago.

That, indeed, seems to me a phenomenon worth considering. I doubt whether this public knows exactly what it is that it wants, but audiences are no longer complacently superior to whatever is not realistically prosy in matter and manner. Two of the most popular plays of the year, "On Borrowed Time" and "The Star Wagon," seemed to me rather silly, but fantasy is merely imagination not powerful enough to convince itself, and an audience which acclaimed them is an audience which would like to be convinced if it could. Much has been made of Maxwell Anderson's recent experiments in poetic drama, and at least two of his plays are as good as anything the theater has recently produced, but they are no more important as symptoms than the rediscovery of Shakespeare as a popular dramatist or the success of a play so unconventional in form and theme as "Our Town." Perhaps there was a touch of mere preciosity in both the bare walls of Mr. Welles's "Julius Caesar" and the obstreperous informality of Mr. Blitzstein's skeletonized opera, "The Cradle Will Rock," but the fact remains that both paid audiences the compliment of assuming that they were capable of imagination.

The contemporary drama may not be going anywhere. The very fact that no two playwrights seem to be aiming at quite the same thing may possibly mean that it is frittering itself away, since as my friend Mark Van Doren once maintained, the very best plays seem to be written when everybody is trying to write the same one—when a Congreve finally achieves, in "The Way of the World," the work a whole generation had been laboring at, or when a Shakespeare manages to stand on the shoulders of a race of poets whose similarities are at least more significant than their differences. But if the modern drama is going anywhere at all, I venture to predict that it is going away from simple realism in the direction of something more intense. Mr. Welles, Mr. Wilder, and Mr. Blitzstein have discovered that the shortest distance between two points may often be by way of an artificial convention. Mr. Anderson is trying to learn that men may most truly reveal themselves in language better than any they have ever actually spoken.

Officially the season was closed with the production of two musical entertainments, "I Married an Angel" (Shubert Theater) and "The Two Bouquets" (Windsor Theater). The first was received rapturously by the critics and seems to please the public mightily, though I must confess for myself that I found it, except for the two comic ballets in the second act, dim, hesitant, sluggish, and annoyingly uncertain just how much it ought to depend on the Hungarian farce upon which it is based. "The Two Bouquets" I found much more entertaining with its pastiche score of nineteenth-century melodies and the rich Victorian costumes conceived in a spirit nicely balanced between satire and seriousness. But I should warn my readers that the languor of "I Married an Angel" is supposed to be smart in some subtle way.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

COLUMBIA continues its fine series of re-pressings of foreign subscription sets with a third volume (seven records, $14) of Bach's music for organ played by Albert Schweitzer. This time it is three more Preludes and Fugues and the Fugue in A minor without its Prelude—superb music, of which the volume offers impressively honest performances that are faithfully recorded.

I cannot say all this of some other recent Columbia releases. In the eyes of a record company anything it issues cannot be less than a masterpiece; and it takes this view of many things that are considerably less. Mozart was one of the greatest of composers, but not in every work, and not in every symphony in G minor. The Symphony K. 183 which Alfred Wallenstein has recorded with his small orchestra (three records, $5) is a work that a properly adventurous conductor would play once and a properly adventurous concert or radio audience would want to hear once—not the number of times that justifies recording. Nor is this because it is an early work: I have been hoping to find in Columbia's recent communications an announcement of the exquisite Symphony K. 201 which Beecham has recorded, and of which I regret to say there is still no sign. For the rest, Wallenstein has done a capable job with the performance of K. 183, and the recording is clear.

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Nor can I see the point in a recording of Schumann's String Quartet in A; but for those who do see it I will report that it is a good recording of a good performance by the Leners (four records, $6). There is more point in a record ($.75) of "Hora Staccato" made by Dinicu himself, which gives us the gipsy tune in its natural state, whereas Heifetz in his Victor record ($1.50) gives it to us tricked out in the glitter and style of a concert violinist's virtuosity and art. For Heifetz to play "Hora Staccato" as though it were the last movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto is no better than it would be for Dinicu to play the concerto as though it were "Hora Staccato."

I have also been looking in vain in Victor's communications for an announcement of Mozart's Piano Concerto K. 467; and if Victor had released it the handsprings would be forthcoming; but I cannot get up any enthusiasm for Bach's English Suites Nos. 5 and 6 (five records, $10), or for Yella Pessl's performance of them. And for me the greatness of Beethoven is not revealed in the Scene and Aria "Ah, perfido" which Flagstad has recorded with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (two records, $4). But I have had great pleasure from the Schubert *Ländlers* that Cortot plays on a Victor single ($2). And on another single ($1.50) is a superb performance of Brahms's Academic Festival Overture by the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter.

The second volume of Victor's recording of the St. Matthew Passion conducted by Koussevitzsky (eight and one-half records, $17) begins with the closing chorus of Part 1, "O Mensch, bewein' dein' Sünde gross," and ends with the chorale, "Wie wunderbarlich ist doch diese Strafe!" in Part 2. The question having arisen, I inquired of the Boston Symphony's librarian whether the Bachgesellschaft original text edition or the Franz arrangement had been used in the performance, and was informed that the Franz parts had been used but had been made to conform to the Bachgesellschaft text. But this text directs that certain woodwinds and strings accompany the chorus in the chorales; and in Koussevitzky's performance they are accompanied only by organ. And there are other departures of this sort. Koussevitzky gives us an effective performance; but he might have given us the effects that Bach wanted.

The Commodore Shop has issued a re-pressing ($1) of two early Louis Armstrong records: "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," which opens with one of the finest and most celebrated of Armstrong's trumpet solos, and the extraordinary "Knockin' a Jug." The following are also worth your attention: Count Basie's "Don't You Miss Your Baby" (Decca), for the piano and trumpet solos; Mildred Bailey's "I Can't Face the Music" (Vocalion), for her singing and the sensitive accompaniment; Billie Holiday's "Back in Your Own Back Yard" and "When a Woman Loves a Man" (Vocalion), for the improvised instrumental obbligatos to her affected singing; Gene Krupa's "Grandfather's Clock" (Brunswick) for its vitality without noise. And if you enjoyed Harold Rome's clever songs in "Pins and Needles," you will enjoy the Decca records of "Sing Me a Song of Social Significance," "Chain-Store Daisy," "Nobody Makes a Pass at Me," and "One Big Union for Two."

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Letters to the Editors

Praise for "The Politicos"

Dear Sirs: I found Louis M. Hacker's review of Matthew Josephson's "The Politicos" in your issue of May 14 offensive in its unfairness, its studied attempt to disparage, and its far-fetched excursion into literary red-baiting.

An example: Mr. Hacker wrote, "One notes that Lincoln's name is frequently coupled with either Stevens's or Sumner's, *the implication* being that during the Civil War Lincoln stood shoulder to shoulder with the Radical Republicans. This is due either to ignorance or to Mr. Josephson's adherence to the current line of the Communist Party, which has it that the Civil War was won by a People's Front government." The italics are mine; the implication is Hacker's.

On page 5 of the book one reads: "Lincoln, the Moderate Republican, had put forth in December, 1863, a tentative plan for the restoration of semi-civil local government in three of the conquered provinces; Congress, led by the Radical Republicans, Senator Wade of Ohio and Representatives Henry Winter Davis and Thaddeus Stevens, offered in July, 1864, a different, harsher plan in the Wade-Davis bill, to which Lincoln gave a 'pocket veto.'" Does that sound as though Josephson intended to imply that Lincoln and the Radicals "stood shoulder to shoulder"?

I see liberal and left-wing publications of many different shades, but this is the first time I ever read that the Communist Party was pulling its own leg by claiming that the Civil War was won by a People's Front. The book makes no such statement, and if that is, indeed, the Communist "line" on the Civil War, Josephson nowhere adheres to it.

One would think from the review that "The Politicos" was largely concerned with the Reconstruction period. Its theme is much broader. In his "Robber Barons" Josephson showed us the economic overlords of a triumphant American capitalism. In "The Politicos" he studies their puppets. The task was important, and Josephson brought to it much fresh material drawn from unpublished letters and papers, a sense of high comedy, and a gift for vivid portraiture. The story of American politics from the battles of Reconstruction to the defeat of Bryan in 1896 is told with power and insight; the annals of a period largely ignoble and obscure become exciting and instructive. In "The Politicos" Josephson has again made a substantial contribution to our understanding of American society.

I. F. STONE

New York, June 3

Man's Moral Progress

Dear Sirs: The review of J. B. S. Haldane's book "Heredity and Politics" by Melville J. Herskovits in the May 14 *Nation* is both interesting and informative. Especially was I interested in Haldane's quoted proposal to substitute Kavirondo and Mbonga for the actors in some of the more blood-stained pages of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Would we dream that such people would in five hundred years' time be capable of such advances, etc.?

The World War demonstrated pretty conclusively that whatever may be the intellectual attainments of European man, the emotional and moral development of his leaders has not advanced much since the days of Alaric and Theodoric. Perhaps the operation of genetic principles may be seen in this!

The "refining of man's moral nature" has actually received more conscious and intelligent attention in the intellectual life of China than of Europe. This task, which primitive Christianity once undertook, it speedily abandoned for a thousand years of obscurantism, dogma, and thaumaturgy.

DAVID T. RAY

New York, June 1

Montana Opinion

Dear Sirs: The friends of the Roosevelt Administration in this part of the country find no difficulty in defending its general attitude and policies on domestic, social, and economic questions. But the President's announced stand on the invasion of primary constitutional rights in Jersey City and Secretary Hull's policy of aiding and abetting the Chamberlain effort to insure a fascist victory in Spain meet with nothing but condemnation by liberals around here. The only person I have known to defend them is the local Catholic priest.

WALTER AITKEN

Bozeman, Mont., May 28

Aid for Chinese Fighters

Dear Sirs: News from China in the world press increasingly refers to Chinese "guerrillas" or "partisans." This news speaks of partisan attacks both day and night on Japanese garrisons, on the flanks and rear of Japanese invading columns, of railways and highways blown up, of bridges destroyed.

Large numbers of people in America do not know what these partisans, or guerrillas, are, do not realize that these men are chiefly farmers and workers, often students, apprentices, and small merchants. Wherever Japanese armed rapers, looters, and murderers leave a trail of blood, the partisans arise to protect what is left to them. Hungry, ill-armed, freezing in the winter cold, barefoot in the summer's heat, these common men of China fight to prevent themselves from being turned into slaves.

The Chinese government is shouldering a gigantic burden. Its resources must of necessity be given chiefly to training and arming the regular army. The task of clothing and supplying the partisans is left largely to their families. The Northwestern Partisan Relief Committee exists for the purpose of organizing aid for the partisans of northwestern China. Money is needed for food, for sandals and shoes, and for medical supplies. Since just now the greatest need is for shoes, the committee hopes to set up small mobile production units behind the front. These units can serve two purposes: they can supply the fighters with shoes and stockings, and they can absorb the refugees from villages and towns that have been wiped out.

In May the Northwestern Partisan Relief Committee was able to send to the Wutaishan region in northwestern Shansi one foreign doctor, Dr. Richard Brown, equipped with money and medical supplies to serve the 300 wounded in that region.

Contributions should be sent to the China Aid Council, New York City, and clearly marked for the Northwestern Partisan Committee. If letters informing the committee of the contributions are sent to it at Hankow, China, 116 Chung Gai, it will send receipts.

AGNES SMEDLEY

On Behalf of the Committee

Hankow, China, May 9

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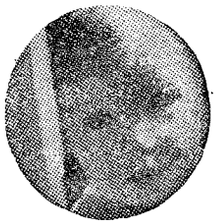

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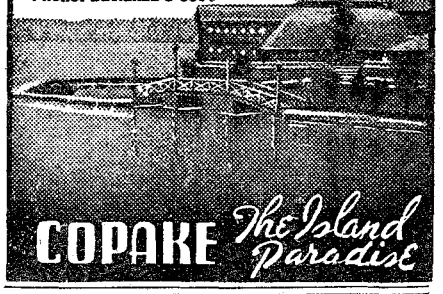

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